Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Fairs in Maine---1864.

[We publish below a list of those Agricultural Societies which hold exhibitions this fall, with the time and place, so far as they have come to our knowledge. The list will be kept standing, and we hope the Secretaries of Societies not mentioned below will forward us the necessary information, that our list may be corrected so as to include all the Societies who are to hold fairs this season.]

KENNEBEC, at Readfield, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12th and 13th.

NORTH KENNEBEC, at Waterville, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

EAST SOMERSET, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 13th and 14th.

Systematic Sheep Breeding.

The signs of the times indicate very plainly that wool-growing and sheep breeding will be, for several years, at least, a highly paying business. We do not see how it can be otherwise. Allowing the war to stop to-morrow, and peace to bring with it a return to all the trades of life, it must be some years before business will become so fully regulated that things can take their former condition, and trade and business of all kinds proceed as they did before their interruption, caused by the rebellion. It will be some years before a full supply of cotton can be produced in the United States, and if it should be, there is so much excise or revenue tax upon fabrics manufactured directly or indirectly from it, that it must keep up the price of both the raw material and whatever is made from it. The same tax, in the shape of duties, &c., &c., on woolen, must make any importations of them also less in amount, or higher in price. The time it will take to liquidate the national debt must act so as to keep this (woolen) branch of business more upon domestic or American product than ever before. The impulse, therefore, which has been given within a year or two to wool-growing and sheep-breeding, must continue for some years.

Hence it seems particularly incumbent upon the farmers of Maine to raise all the wool they can, and for this purpose to keep as many sheep as they can consistent with what is needed to support and sustain other needed varieties of stock.

In doing this however, we deprecate the careless, slipshod way in which too many in Maine conduct their sheep-breeding. With too many it is a sort of *helter skelter* operation. No system, either as to the breed, judicious crosses, or purity of blood. Fine wool and coarse wool, long wool and short wool are all jumbled up together. Indeed in some lots brought into market by some persons, all the kinds of wool can be found in his clip, and sometimes something like it in single fleeces.

We haven't faith enough in such operations to believe there is benefit or profit enough in it to make it a commendable practice. We go in for purity of blood, for breeding distinctly the different varieties of wool in all their distinct characteristics.

If fine wool suits us best we would obtain the best breeders for that purpose and try to beat the world in this kind of product. If long wool, we would endeavor to follow the same appropriate course; or if middle wool was desirable some of the best breeders of that kind should help us bring into market choicest specimens of that kind.

The time has been, when the farmers of Maine could not without great expense and trouble avail themselves of such facilities as they now can, for breeding this or that variety in purity, and they had therefore to be content with grades and mongrels. But that time has passed away. You can now obtain them either in this State, or at the farthest in New England, breeding both lambs and ewes of all the best breeds, whether fine or long wool, or middle wool.

Why not then adopt a rigidly systematic course and prosper the better for it? Wherever such a course has been pursued the best results have been obtained. Look at the Vermont wool-growers. What has given them the lead of the whole Union, if not of the world, in fine wool growing? Nothing but a rigid adherence to a systematic course of breeding, directed by a good understanding of what they wished to do.

They had no better stocks of the breed, when they commenced, than other people had. But they marked out a systematic course to pursue in order to obtain an object also distinctly marked out in their mind. They have followed the system implicitly and indefatigably, and are now reaping their reward.

The same results have followed similar energy and practical knowledge in the case of other varieties of sheep.

As the season will soon come when some sort of sheep-breeding will call the attention of farmers to their flocks, we thought a little "jogging of the elbows" on this subject might do some of us good. Decide what you wish to breed, and then, by all means, employ the finest and best blood of the kind that can be found. A little extra labor and expense laid out for this purpose cannot fail in the end to be a good investment.

The Manufacture of Turpentine.

Previous to the rebellion, the State of North Carolina produced annually 800,000 barrels of turpentine, nearly the whole amount of which found a market in our northern States. It was used as an ingredient in preparing paints—facilitating their application, lessening the viscidity of the oily mixture, and enabling the painter greatly to change the appearance of his work by varying the degrees of gloss or dullness, and also preventing the appearance of cracks which would otherwise be visible after the varnish had been applied. Painters now make use of petroleum naptha instead of turpentine, on account of its extreme cheapness as compared with the latter article.

Statements have been made by various papers that parties were about to engage in the enterprise of extracting turpentine and rosin from the old pine stumps and roots which are to be found in large quantities in the northern portions of this State; and we notice that the Trustees of the Provincial Agricultural Exhibition of Upper Canada (where no doubt the business could be made profitable) in order to encourage the manufacture of turpentine, tar and resin, have offered two prizes for each of these articles, to be awarded at the next exhibition. This is the true way of encouraging and stimulating home enterprise and industrial pursuits.

The manner of obtaining the crude turpentine in use in the pine forests of North Carolina before the war, was to cut boxes or pockets in the trees near the ground with a long narrow-bladed axe, into which the sap would run in warm weather, the season extending from March to November. From these pockets the sap is collected and deposited in barrels. A turpentine forest was calculated to last fifty years, when the trees were felled, cut up and heated in a kiln in order to produce tar. At the distillery forty barrels of sap would produce upon an average, six barrels of turpentine and twenty-three of resin, the latter article not being considered worth the cost of freight unless upon a direct line of communication.

In a late number of the *Scientific American* is represented and described—which description could not be made plain without the aid of the illustrations—a new process for extracting and refining turpentine, by which the whole of the wood is subjected to distillation, and a much larger immediate yield is obtained. It consists in cutting the whole tree into very fine particles, thus rendering it more available, and in reality saving every particle of sap which the wood affords.

This apparatus, if successful, should be put to good use in extracting the turpentine from the stumps and roots of old pines in the northern part of our State, and add another to the already large number of the useful inventions growing out of the war, as well as turning to utility a hitherto neglected and valueless material.

Pogy Chum---Fish Guano.

The use of pogies as a manure has largely increased among our sea-coast farmers within a few years. The business of catching them for the oil they yield, which, according to Mr. Goodale's statement, is from eight to twelve per cent., has been carried on for years, but it is not until quite recently that the waste or refuse has been considered of much value, and even now it is not husbanded with that care which it should be. Samuel Wasson, Esq, of Ellsworth, a member of the Board of Agriculture, informs us that parties in his section go out in vessels for the purpose of catching the pogies for oil, carrying with them their apparatus for steaming and pressing out the oil, the waste of which is thrown overboard into the water and lost. Occasionally farmers go to the vessels with boats and get a boat load from them, but they will not keep it on hand a day, and during the busy season but little of it is saved. In his report upon "Marine Manures" to the Board of Agriculture in 1861, Mr. Goodale remarks:

"For a long time no attention was given to the residuum left after expressing the oil, that is the cake, pumice, or as commonly called, the *chum*, and which contains nearly the whole fertilizing portions of the fish. It was thrown back into the sea. Gradually it came into use; at first in a very rude way, but by degrees with more judgment and care. At the present time much is saved and used, and has effected a wonderful increase in the productiveness of many naturally poor farms. Upon many farms the increase of the crops, especially that of hay, has been many fold. But a great deal, and more especially on the islands visited during the summer months for the purpose of making oil, is still lost—no use whatever being made of it."

There can be no doubt of the value of fish offal as a manure, but in its application to the soil, and in its preparation for transportation, there is much to learn. Mr. Wasson of Ellsworth, who was in our office recently, in conversation upon the effects of manuring with pogy chum, said that in a very dry season—like the present—it would kill corn and potatoes where the roots came in direct contact with the manure. Last fall he piled up a quantity of pogies in his field, mixing them with three parts of earth or loam—such soil as was shoveled up in the vicinity of the pile—and this spring applied them to potatoes in the hill, putting about one-third of a shovelful into each hill. The result was where the roots of the potato went down through it, the plant was completely killed, but where they branched off away from the manure, the potatoes present a dark green, and very thrifty appearance. In a wet season this effect is not noticed. Who can give a satisfactory reason for the capriciousness of this fertilizer in the instances and seasons above mentioned?

It is very often applied to grass lands, in Mr. Wasson's section, and when thus applied, its effects are sometimes quite singular in their result. If put on in very large quantities it gives a great yield of grass for two or three years, after which the land will produce nothing until it is plowed up and manured. One farmer who has a gravelly soil, completely ruined one-half his field by putting on a large amount of it for two or three years in succession, but by a judicious application to the other part, its fertility has been kept up and good crops are returned each year. Mr. Wasson also states that if a field of grass is so much run out that it will produce nothing but "wire grass," an application of pogy chum, will, in one year, bring in a handsome growth of herdsgrass. This is a cheap method of seeding. About three barrels per acre is the quantity usually applied to grass lands as a top-dressing; and when applied to corn or potatoes it is generally composted with loam or muck. In some instances the water expressed from the fish with the oil—the oil being left to rise and cool—has been used as a fertilizer with good effects. Clay is used as an absorbent, and afterwards applied to the hill for corn and potatoes with very marked and favorable results.

There has as yet been no way devised by which the *chum* can be prepared so as to be transported any great distance; and until this is accomplished its benefits must necessarily be confined to a somewhat narrow limit, and in localities where it can readily be composted, or immediately used. Much of it, it is true, is put up in barrels and sent to Boston, Connecticut and other places, but it usually passes into an offensive and repulsive condition within a week or two after the oil is separated, even after mixed with earth or muck. Fish guano has been manufactured by parties in Maine by simply drying the *chum* by solar heat, and when put up in barrels a peck of gypsum applied to each barrel. This method has proved as efficacious as any, yet even this is not so satisfactory as is desirable, or as was at first supposed it would be. In summing up his investigations, Mr. Goodale concluded that an inoffensive, portable manure could be made of fish offal by first cooking the fish sufficiently to coagulate the albumen contained in them, then express as much of the oil and water as possible, and dry the remainder as quickly and thoroughly as could be done. But according to the statements of Mr. Wasson this is not sufficient. Who will secure a fortune for himself and benefit the State by discovering a process by which these obstacles can be overcome and the great abundance of fish and fish offal now wasted or not used at all, be made to feed the famishing lands in the interior of the State? Few subjects are of greater importance to the farmers of Maine, and we know of none that should receive more consideration.

Notes from our Copy Drawer.

"GROWING TOBACCO." The sage who presides over the agricultural department of the Boston *Cultivator*, devotes two-thirds of a column, in his issue of 29th ult, in enlightening us upon the antiquity and history of tobacco growing in America, and upon the definition of the word *amen*, &c., &c. He should know that our editorials and original articles appended to selected matter are always *leaded*, and that the entire article in question, commencing from the words "The California *Farmer* asks, &c.," is *set solid*, and was published as sent to us by one of our correspondents, because we were perfectly willing that every man should have his "say" for or against tobacco, and as independent journalists, were willing to give both sides a hearing. Will the editor of the *Cultivator* please look again to the article about which he seems so much disturbed and set himself right upon the matter before charging the *Maine Farmer* with language it is not responsible for?

AN ANT TRAP. It may be too late in the season to be of much use, but the following hint is too valuable to be lost, and should be remembered by our readers. The *Scientific American* calls it "a capital idea:"

"Procure a large sponge, wash it well and press it dry, which will leave the cells quite open; then sprinkle over it some fine white sugar, and place it near where the ants are troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge and take up their abode in the cells. It is only necessary to dip the sponge in scalding water which will wash them out dead by thousands. Put on more sugar, and set the trap for a new haul. This process will soon clear the house of every ant."

SEEDING MUCK OR SWAMP LAND. L. M. Ross, of Hillsdale Co., Michigan, writes to the *Rural New Yorker* saying he has good Timothy growing on muck land where the muck is five feet deep, upon which, five years ago, nothing grew but the coarsest kind of "sickle grass," and adds:

"If I had another marsh to subdue I should proceed as follows: First. Draw off the surface water but nothing more. Deep draining leaves the land too dry. Second. If it could be plowed I should mow it in August, take off the grass, and then turn it over with a sharp plow; harrow well and put on the seed—pure Timothy. If it could not be plowed, or if I had not time to do it, I would sow any kind of grass seed that I could get most easily, each spring and fall mowing and removing the grass and weeds each year until I got something better than sickle grass. Stock of all kinds should be kept off."

SCIENTIFIC TEXT BOOKS—REPLY TO QUERY. Mr. T. S. Griffin, of Freeport, sends the following note in answer to previous inquiries:

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—Some one wished to know where Gray's Batany could be found, and as no one has ever answered the question I will do it. Ivison, Phinney & Co., 48 and 50, Walker St., New York, are the publishers. Also Wells' Chemistry; 1 vol. 516 pages, 240 engravings; price $1. Any one in want of Text Books, by sending a pre-paid letter will get a catalogue, postage free. They have a good list. If you want "Text Books" on the learned languages, send to D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445, Broadway, New York, for a catalogue. If you want good books cheap, send to Geo. G. Evans' gift book store, 439, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn., for a catalogue. If you want a book but cannot find it, send to W. H. Piper, Washington St., Boston, Mass; they will get it for you. I have tried them all."

EXTRA COWS. A subscriber writes us that Mr. James C. Chadborn, of Vassalborough, has four cows that made thirty-six pounds of butter in one week, and had a very poor pasture during the time.

Premiums at Fairs.

The September number of the *Working Farmer* contains an excellent article upon the present system of awarding premiums at fairs, strongly condemning the injudicious manner in which premiums are promiscuously awarded for articles which, though perhaps meritorious, do not show any improvement or advancement in agriculture or the domestic arts over previous years. It suggests two ways in which a better method for bestowing premiums may be realized, viz.: to award small premiums in useful books or practical journals, instead of small sums of money; and to use the funds of the society in inducements to enterprising young farmers of which the following are examples.

"1. A Premium of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars for the best UNDERDRAINED AND SUBSOILED TWENTY ACRES which are proved to have produced DOUBLE the crops of grain, corn, potatoes, roots, or grass, of any equal number of acres not underdrained or sub-soiled.

2. One Hundred Dollars for the best farm of from thirty to one hundred acres—a full account of the year's operations on different crops to be submited for public information, and the results stated so plainly in dollars and cents that the 'wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.'"

Small vs. Large Windows.

The Maryland *Farmer and Mechanic* publishes a plea for stone houses, in the course of which are the following remarks upon small windows, which contain a good deal of truth, and are worthy of attention:

"In building the walls (of our houses) we should introduce one important change. For our climate our windows are too large and too many. The multiplicity of panes of glass draw the heat in the summer, as in a hot-bed; and present but a thin film of obstruction to the entrance of the winter's cold. These, then, should be smaller, as they invariably are in hot countries elsewhere. It should, moreover, be borne in mind that these smaller windows which keep out the heat in summer, are equally serviceable in winter, in shutting out the cold, and such windows with thick solid walls, are what are demanded by our contrasts of climate. They are also applicable to the two-fold conditions of coolness in summer and warmth in winter."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Domestic Receipts.

[The following come to us from a source entitled to much credit, and we should be pleased to publish other receipts and hints in domestic economy, which like the following, are based upon the results of one of the best regulated households in our State.—EDS. ME. FARMER.]

TO MAKE YEAST. To two handfuls of hops take 3 pints of water, 6 potatoes, and boil them all until the potatoes are soft; then pare them, mash through a cullander and strain the liquid. Put it in your preserving kettle over the fire, and add 1 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of salt and 1 of ginger; add flour enough to make it of the consistency of paste, and then let it boil five minutes, stirring it all the time. Turn out, and when partially cool add half a pint of good yeast. Let this stand till fermentation takes place and the job is done. In the winter I keep it in a stone jar in the cellar, but in the summer I dry it by mixing it with corn meal and spreading it on the table exposed to the air, but not in the sun.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS. One pint of nice fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teacupfull of sugar, in which the juice of the lemon has been stirred. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, or any sweetmeats you may prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream.

BERWICK SPONGE CAKE. Beat 3 eggs two minutes; add 1 and 1-2 cups sugar and beat five minutes; add 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, and beat two minutes; add half cup cold water, half teaspoonful soda, and beat one minute; add 1 cup of flour and a little salt, and flavor with rose or lemon.

ANE LINCOLN PUDDING. One cup of Indian meal, 1-2 cup molasses, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, and a little salt. Beat well together and add one quart of new milk. Bake about one hour. Very good eaten with butter, but sweetened cream makes the nicest sauce.

GERMAN ROLLS. One cup of sugar, ½ cup of butter, 1 egg, 1 cup of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful saleratus; add flour enough for cookies. Roll out and spread on butter, sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon. Roll it up like pastry, cut in thin slices and bake in a quick oven.

APPLE CAKE. Two cups dried apples soaked and chopped fine, and 1 and 1-2 cups molasses; put the apple in the molasses and simmer on the stove. When cold add 3 teaspoonfuls saleratus, 2 eggs, ½ cup butter, and 2 cups sour milk, with cloves, nutmeg, &c.

CREAM PIE. One pint of milk put on the stove, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with 1 egg and one cup of sugar. Flavor with lemon after it is cold.

COOKIES. Two eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1-2 cup of butter, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda. Season with nutmeg.

FEATHER CAKE. One cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 egg, 2-3 cup of flour, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar and 2 of soda.

POOR MAN'S CAKE. Four cups flour, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful cream tartar, 1-2 tablespoonful soda.

CREAM CAKE. 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1-2 cup cream, 2 egg with sufficient flour to stiffen.

CREAM PIE. One cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1-2 cup butter, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, with flour enough to stiffen.

CYNTHIA M. MARSTON,

Waterville.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Letter from the Androscoggin Valley.

MESSRS EDITORS:—If one notices the various kinds of farming as he travels along the road, he will find that there is as many kinds as he meets people. Many in these parts ignore fall plowing, and such reason as they bring to bear, weighs well in this hilly region. Most of the tillage is on the hill-side, and if exposed to the fall and winter rains, a great part of the soil is washed into the valleys. In those parts where the land is nearer a level and clayey loam, my opinion is that it is a benefit. It causes the soil to be more exposed to the action of the frost, which I consider will do as much towards preparing it for the roots of the crops, as the plough. If these farmers would give a little more attention to the manure heaps, perhaps their farms might produce larger crops. If, instead of letting the droppings be scattered around the yard, it was carefully scraped up into a pile protected by a little muck or other absorbent, from the storms and sun, it would be worth much more. Too little attention is paid to the swine. They ought to have a full supply of material to absorb the moisture in their excrements, and work over to prepare it for the manure heap.

One of the great products of this region is dried apple. It is here that they have almost brought the art of drying them to perfection. Such improvements have been made that one person is able to pare and core from ten to twenty bushels of apples for the dry house a day. It is here that one finds the helper in the various duties pertaining to the farm. If one choose for a wife amongst these rosy cheeked girls, he will find one that is equal to her part. They are brought up to meet the difficulties of the farm house, and rather make it a pleasure to produce and toil in the fields. S. P.

Dixfield, Aug. 26th, 1864.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Sheep Rack---Information wanted.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am one of those who live up here among the hills of old Oxford. We have a hill farm and have to build on uneven land; one end of our barn is easy of access, while the floor sill at the other end is ten feet from the ground. We have one room in the basement, 36 by 12 feet for a sheep pen, and have it constructed to feed from the barn floor. I want some information in regard to building a rack or crib that the sheep may feed with ease and not waste their hay or grain. Can not you or some of your correspondents furnish a plan of a good rack that will supply my wants?

The hay crop was very good in this section, but pastures are getting very short; some have been obliged to feed out of the barn. Corn is small and grain very light. We have had some light rains of late but not enough to soak the ground. Streams are low and there is some complaint of wells being dry. H. BISBEE.

Peru, Aug. 26th, 1864.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Remarkable Couple.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Here is a case, I think which will beat, Mr. Avery of Jefferson, mentioned in the *Farmer* of this week;—Mr. Caleb Barker of Pittston, aged 82 years, cut the present season himself, 10 tons of hay, not only without the aid of a *machine* and *girls*, but also without the aid of horse or oxen in getting it into the barn. He wheeled it all in on a wheelbarrow, excepting perhaps three fourth of a ton that one of his neighbors hauled in for him. Now Messrs Editors where is there a young man that would do much better? Mrs. Barker is also in her 85th year, and is not much behind some young women in work;—she spins her four skeins of yarn per day and also does some housework besides. Last fall she obtained a premium at the Lincoln county Fair, on Balmoral skirts of her own weaving.

Dresden Aug. 28th 1864. B.

For the Maine Farmer.

Wooden Pipes for Carrying Water.

MESSRS EDITORS:—In notice in your last week's issue, an inquiry about pipes for carrying water; the inquirer desires to know the cost of boring at mills where tubing for chain pumps are bored, also if the joints would be tight. In this section we have no mills for the above mentioned purpose, but we have men that make it a business to bore and lay down aqueducts. The old price was twenty-five cents per rod; at this time I presume it would cost forty or fifty cents per rod, and it would be well done. I think that pump tubing would not be strong enoughto hold when there was any considerable head. Hackmatac is considered as good as any, if not the best timber for that use with us. I have an aquednct of seventy-five rods in length, that has been laid twelve years, only one log of which has been replaced, and that on the highest point where the land is porous and sometimes dry. Three years ago I extended one end half a mile, using some hackmetac, but mostly pine timber. It has proved a blessing so far, furnishing over 200 gallons of water per minute, and has done so from that time to this.

One of the wonders of the day is that our farmers in Maine do not more of them have running water to their buildings when it is generally so easy to be obtained. Many farmers drive their cattle from twenty to seventy-five rods to water in the winter. One of the largest farmers in this county drives his whole stock of cattle, sheep and horses about fifty rods and then *pumps* the water for them to drink. Only think what a task in a cold blustering morning, and the loss in dressing and what is more, the loss in his cattle, to travel that distance each day or perhaps twice a day which would be 200 rods each. Here is a field open for a long yarn, but as I am not competent for the task, I will not try to spin it. Will say in conclusion that the above named farmer winters from fifty to one hundred head of cattle and from one to three hundred sheep. There is a pasture adjoining his for sale at a fair price (as I am told) that has one of the best springs in the county only about one hundred rods from his buildings; if he had the use of it one year, it would pay the cost of putting down an aqueduct yearly rather than do without it.

Phillips, Aug 22d, 1864. SEWARD DILL.

Please furnish us with the results of your experience in clover growing, as intimated.—EDS.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Note about the Caterpillar.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Do the white cocoons, which are so plenty, always send forth millers or moths? I have destroyed many dozen of these little, white nests, in the early part of the season, which always contained medium sized caterpillars, but of late the cocoons that I open contain only an empty, oval shaped skin, or chrysalis shell. Is it another species of caterpillar that changes to the butterfly of one season? In the early part of one summer a large caterpillar crawled up on the outside of a window of the room where ill health confined me, and began to weave a cocoon; I expected that it would soon become a beautiful winged insect. But alas for human expectation. After it became a chrysalis and had lain dormant a long time, I noticed one day that the creature looped itself up, once or twice, and then sank down again and presented the same appearance; when I took down the nest it contained the same empty oval shell, similar to those I find so plenty now, thickly fastened to the clapboards of a house shaded with ornamental trees, about three rods from a young orchard One of the nicest trees in this orchard was killed last year by this ravenous creature. The majority of caterpillars which I have killed this year, are of a green color, and small in size; generally found between the clapboards. FLORA.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Farmers Should Visit More.

American farmers work too hard. Our seasons are so short, help so scarce, and there is so much to do, that it is almost impossible to find time to attend to mental improvement, and the cultivation of social feelings. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is so with those who have attained riper years. We all need relaxation, and we all take it one way or another. Would it not be well to find it by visiting a little more among our brother farmers? Do not make formal visits. Get into your buggy some evening before dark and take your wife to visit some farmer friend. Talk over your agricultural plans and prospects. Look at the crops and the stock, and you will be almost sure to get some hint that will prove useful.

If you see anything particularly good, say so. It will encourage your friend and stimulate him to renewed exertions. If your own crops are better than his you will feel none the worse for knowing the fact. Don't gossip. Leave that to those who have nothing better than personalities to talk about. Don't stay too long. Don't bore your friend, or let him bore you. Be cheerful and pleasant. Return home early, and you will be astonished with how much more spirit you will go to work the next morning. Things which had depressed you for days and weeks will put on a different aspect. We can all accomplish much more than we do if we really only thought so, and had courage to go systematically to work. A little relaxation, a conversation with one who has the same trials and labors, gives us new courage, and we attempt and accomplish with ease things which before oppressed us with their magnitude.

This is not mere theory. We have felt the beneficial influence of a visit to a neighboring farm. The other evening, though hardly knowing which thing to do first," we rode up to our good farmer friend A., about two miles west of us. We found him examining a piece of turnips recently sown. Dry as was the weather, they were just coming up. He had sowed them broadcast, and we jokingly told him that was not the way to raise Swede turnips. "Well, I don't know," he replied, which, being interpreted, means, "I guess I shall raise as good as you will." "Come and look at my wheat." It is a fine field of "wevil proof," ripening for the harvest. He thought it would grow thirty bushels per acre, and sitting there on the fence we figured up how much it would bring at twenty shillings per bushel, and discussed the probabilities of getting three dollars. He is an old farmer and a successful one. Has brought up and educated a large family, and has everything about his house that is convenient and comfortable. We particularly admired a large handsome walnut tree that stands over his well at the side door towards the barn-yard. "I brought the nut of that tree," he said, "thirty years ago in my pocket from the borders of Concsus Lake." It is now a noble tree, pleasant to behold and affording grateful shade, and as we looked at it we could not help thinking how many pleasing associations of the past thirty years must linger around that tree. A boy was pumping water for the cows which had just been milked. "I used to have an open trough to carry the water," he said, "but five or six years ago I sawed a barrel in two and put the two halves in the ground, one near the pump and the other in the barn-yard, and connected them with an old pump log." The one barrel near the pump and the connecting pipe are under ground. The water never freezes, and he can at all times supply his stock with little trouble.

"Come and see the garden." What splendid corn, and how much finer your beets are than ours? Having more tomato plants than we needed this spring we gave friend A. a dozen or so, and here they are growing finely and giving promise of a large crop. They beat those in our garden! We would not admit that he had given them any better care and culture than we had, but explained their superiority on the ground that his garden is thoroughly sheltered, while ours, at present, is exposed to the west winds

We compared notes about oats and barley. We had neither of us anything to brag of. He had found the spring quite as wet and unpropitious as we had, but would not wait. "Why, sir," he said, "the boy in dragging in the oats in yonder hollow had to ride on the harrow, and it went clear under the water out of sight." Of course the crop was light in the low places, but on the whole will be better than if he had waited as we did, till the whole field was in good order.

Now, was the half-hour spent on this farm lost? Admitting that there was nothing particularly to see, was it not pleasant to talk over what we had done and what we proposed to do. We are sure that we accomplished much more during the remainder of the week than if we had stayed at home. Farmers should visit more—not go to the city, many go there too often—but visit each other, not at the village grocery, but at each others homes.—*Genesee Farmer.*

The Old Orchards.

It saddens the thoughtful man who travels through the country—especially the older settled sections—to see the grand old orchards, which have furnished the cellers of the old homesteads with cider and fruit from the early time, dying of old age with no thrifty young orchards about them—to see the broken limbs, the dying and dead trunks the scarred and diseased veterans passing away with no young recruits coming after to make glad the succeeding generation.

What can the old folks be thinking about? What are the middle-aged inheritors of the old homestead or its old orchards, sleeping over, that they neglect a positive duty, (to say nothing of the profitable investment of family funds,) to their children? Is it the selfish spirit which has possession of you—the spirit which says, "The old orchard will furnish fruit as long as I live, let my children take care of themselves?" Then you do not deserve the ministrations of the young in your old age, when your eyes grow dim and your limbs palsied. No, no, we can not believe that it is positive indifference to the welfare of your children. But is not the thoughtlessness which permits the old orchard to die without supplying their places with young ones criminal? Is there any feature of a homestead to which are attached so many pleasant associations as to the orchards? It is the paradise of the young and the delight of the old. Each tree has its associated event. The fruit of each tree has impressed its outline and flavor, its texture and color, upon your boy, and he recalls these peculiarities as he turns the prairie furrow, crushes quartz in California, traffics with the Japanese, or fights for the Union in our armies. How strong a knot has the old orchard tied in his heart, binding him to the old home and the hearts that dwell there. The birds sing to him out of the orchard. The May-blossoms breathe their fragrance into his nostrils—the Spitzenbergs and Pippins, the Harvest Boughs and Greenings, and the peculiar and luscious "natural fruit," that grew on a seedling too good to graft, laugh at him as they show their cheeks from behind their emerald screens—and oh! how he longs to visit the home of his childhood and live over again the days of his youth. Such is our inheritance, reader! Such the patrimony which comes down to us from the orchards of our fathers, no matter where we may be settled, or where we may wander. Would we part with this birthright? Would we deprive our children of it?—or our children's children? If not, new orchards must be planted. The old ones are passing away.

As we wrote in the outset, it is saddening and astonishing that people who have lived so long in the world and enjoyed the fruit of their labors, and of the labors of their fathers, should be so indifferent to this matter of renewing the orchard. It is the season to prepare for next spring's planting. The young men who have asked us how to prepare land for orchard planting may now do this work well. Plow and subsoil the land to be occupied, thoroughly. Do not forget—*subsoil* it. Let it lie until spring and again plow it, (or pulpulverize it in some manner,) manure it with good compost thoroughly incorporated with the soil, if it needs it, and then plant. Don't plant a young orchard in the sod. Do not allow any sward to make around your trees so long as you and they live. Cultivate them as you do corn and they will yield you far greater profit in proportion to the labor bestowed.

But the object of this article is to impress the importance of providing substitutes—young, healthy, and full of vitality—for the maimed, scarred and dying veterans in the old orchards.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Grass and Grain Growing.

A good, natural grass farm, all things considered, we deem the easiest, pleasantest and most profitable kind of a farm to live on. All cannot be thus accommodated, we admit; neither do all desire this kind of a farm, as we are fully aware. We know farmers who are located in regions well adapted to grazing, that continue to grow both grass and grain; others we know that formerly grew grain and grass, that are changing their grain fields into grass fields so far as they are able to do so. The reason why we consider a grass farm preferable to a grain farm is, that on the former human muscles are not so constantly taxed, wearied and worn as on the latter. This is an important consideration with those who would substitute skill, as a modifier of manual labor. With good mowings and good pastures, well stocked with cattle, sheep and horses, a farmer may live like a prince, being lord of the area covered by his titles, and surveyed daily by his ever vigilant eye. We lately visited a farmer of this type, and a happier more genial, cheerful, wide-awake man, of any vocation or profession, we have seldom ever met. He had his daily newspaper and his weekly agricultural journal, with a wife near the zenith of life, that is still as fresh and youthful as a girl, because not over-worked, as is too often the case with the husbandman's wife. We account for it in this wise, to wit:—

He has a good grazing farm, left him, we believe, by his father. He began by growing grain with grass, but he soon found that his plough-land required about all the manure he could make, and, accordingly, the topdressing of his grass land came short, though he kept a dairy. He and his wife, both then young and ambitious, she as *willing* to work in the house as he on the farm, got along nicely; but, said he to her one evening, after a few years of experience, this will not do: we shall both be wearied, worn and old while young at this rate; therefore, I am going to make a change, which, as already stated, was the conversion of grain-land into grass-land. This being done, and having an abundance of good, natural pasture-land, as there is in the Commonwealth, he soon doubled the number of his cows; and instead of making cheese and butter of their milk, he sold it by the can for the Boston market, thus at once relieving his wife of a great amount of labor and care. His calves are vealed and sold early in the season at high prices for Boston market. Then, till hay-time, his work is light, consisting chiefly of milking twice a day. When haying begins, as he gets a heavy crop, sufficient to winter about 40 head of grown cattle, he employs considerable help for 2 or 3 weeks; also in hauling and spreading manure.

Thus is it apparent, that labor is saved and money is more easily obtained by employing cows to convert the grass and hay of such a farm into marketable produce, than is done by growing grain. Therefore, we conclude that it is not good economy to grow grain on such a farm: it is better policy to buy what is needed, as does the farmer whose case we have noted, as one representing a class of Massachusetts farmers well known to us in Worcester county. Others, instead of producing milk, stock their farms with animals they can turn as grass-fed beef: others still, stock with sheep.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Leaching of Manure on a Sandy Loam a Fallacy.

Here is a thriving market gardener with a farm of twenty-five acres of sandy loam, scrub oak and pine land. On two or three acres at the depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches, was a clay subsoil; the remainder of the farm had a sandy surface and subsoil. He made his vegetable garden on the three acres underlaid with clay, in order as he said, that the clay below should hold the manure and prevent its *leaching*; but, by way of experment, he planted sweet corn, beans, &c, on a plot that was all sandy subsoil; the result was that the crop was better there, came forward earlier, and produced more with the same manure than on the clay subsoil, particularly in wet seasons—the sandy subsoil evidently operating as an underdrain to carry off the surplus water which was long retained by the clay subsoil.

There are thousands of acres of land on the plains of Long Island, with a sand and gravel subsoil, that will yet rave the farmer hundreds of thousands of dollars in underdraine, without which so many millions of acres of hard pan or tenacious subsoil now remain nearly a desert waste. True, the surface of a well drained soil needs manuring. This market gardener draws distillery manure eight miles distant in the winter, and from the villages which he supplies with vegetables a few miles nearer; but he says the more manure the more profit on the outlay? He also grows clover without stint, now that every pasture of the long-leaved grasses is nearly burned up; his second-crop clover meadow is knee high and his clover pasture ever green. So much for the long tap rooted clover as a forage in a drouth, and more abundantly than other grass is it, when plowed in, a soil amendment, on both heavy and light soils. Red clover not only collects more ammonia from the air than the cereal grasses, but it is also found to contain much more nitrogen on analysis; and, of course, it makes a much better manure.

Liebig tells us that after manure is once incorporated with the soil it is there held by chemical agency from all other waste than that of being dissolved into food for the growing plant. But as manure is sooner exhausted from a sandy soil than from a compact loam, his doctrine can only be true from the fact that vegetation is greater and more rapid on a manured sandy loam than one of clay. Be this as it may, there is no doubt but that if a sandy soil loses some of the organic matter of its decomposing manure, it must be in the escape of the volatile gasses through the pores of the soil to the atmosphere, and not by leaching.—S. W. *in* N. Y. *World.*

History of the Plough.

The first plough is supposed to have been the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft end, the point of which, dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped a furrow into which seeds were thrown. It soon occurred to the husbandman that he might relieve his own labor by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument; then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back, so that the plough might be guided. The strength of the animal soon wore away or broke the cleft of the branch, and this necessity gave rise to the invention of means of attaching movable shares, first of wood, next of stone, copper, or iron, worked to a shape adapted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor from the ploughman's having to lean upon the plough with his weight to press it into earth. Just such an implement as these conjectures indicate was used by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plough are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of "ploughing by the horse's tail." The draught-pole was lashed to the tail of the horse, and, as no harness was employed two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plough, the other to direct the horse, which he did by walking backwards before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required. This custom prevailed for a considerable time, in spite of a law which was passed in the early part of the seventeenth century, imposing severe penalities upon persons found guilty of "ploughing by the horse's tail," as in the act mentioned and described. From Rev. Caesar Otway's "Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley," it appears that the barbarous practice lingered in the remote west of Ireland as late as the year 1740. And from a paper "On the Breed of Horses in Scotland in the Ancient Times," printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, we find it in that country as late as the year 1792.

Profits of One Sheep.

In the spring of 1862, I bought a sheep and a lamb four weeks old, for which I paid six dollars. She sheared six pounds of wool in June. In June 1863, she sheared 7 lbs. with a lamb by her side, and her lamb, a yearling weather, sheared 9 lbs. In June 1864, she sheared 7 lbs., her "two-year old" 10 lbs., and her "yearling" 8 lbs. The "two-year old" being unruly, was killed soon after shearing. His carcass and pelt sold for $9 00. Calling the two cossets and lamb remaining worth $23 00 and the investment is thus:

Cost of sheep and interest.	6.75	1st year

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Sept. 8, 1864.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

As our readers are aware, the price of paper has enormously advanced within the past year, rendering it impossible for newspaper publishers to continue their business at the present rates of publication. Paper for which at the commencement of the war we were paying one and one half cents per pound, is now sold at thirty-three cents, an advance of 350 per cent. All other material used in the business of printing has advanced in nearly corresponding ratio. The additional cost of the paper alone upon which the *Farmer* is now printed is eight thousand dollars per annum. This is a burden which no paper, however large its subscription list or prosperous its business, can sustain. Under these circumstances we are compelled, though with great reluctance, to resort to the only alternative left us, in common with all other newspaper publishers throughout the country—viz: an increase of our subscription rates.

Notice is therefore given that on and after October 1st, 1864, *the price for the* MAINE FARMER *will be* $2 50 *per annum in advance*, or $3 00 if not paid within six months of the date of subscription. These terms, rigidly adhered to, will barely enable us to continue the publication of the *Farmer*, under the present era of high prices We shall continue to receive new subscriptions and advance payments at the old rates until the 1st of October. Those who have already paid in advance will, of course, be furnished with the paper for the time for which they have paid, without additional charge, and all past indebtedness for the paper will be settled according to the former rates.

Notice.

MR. V. DARLING, is now engaged in canvassing and collecting for the Maine *Farmer* in the county of Penobscot.

Hints to Paper Makers.

Hints do no harm, if they are not taken, and oftentimes do good if they are. So without any particular feelings of sensitiveness whether the following suggestions are taken or not, we shall give them, running the risk whether they do something or nothing.

The fact that the stock for making paper is scarce, and high in price, has caused a good deal of inquiry in regard to a substitute for cotton rags, the material so largely used heretofore.

Paper is in reality nothing but vegetable or woody fibre, rendered exceedingly fine by the various operations both chemical and mechanical through which it passes, brought into a slightly adhesive pulp, and then spread out into a very thin flexible lamina or sheet. In order to hold these fibres more closely and intimately together, sizing, made of some glutinous substance is used; such as gelatine, starch, wax, &c.

The first paper makers were the wasp and the hornet. They gather the slender and delicate fibres from the surface of wood as they become separated from each other and abraded by the action of the weather, and working it over in their mouths, mingle with it glutinous substances, secreted by them, and plat it out into the coarse brown paper with which they build their nests.

There is some dispute what people were the first to manufacture paper, whether it was the Chinese or Europeans—but whoever it was, they took the hint from the hornets and improved upon them.

Almost all the kinds of vegetable fibre have been tried and put into paper at different times. One writer ennumerates the following list of substances which have been used: willow, beach, poplar, hawthorn, mulberry, down of the asclepias, or milkweed, catkins of the black poplar, tendrils of grape vines, stalks of nettles, mugwort, dyers weed, thistles—bryony, burdock, clematis, willow herb, and lily; from cabbage stalks, fir cones, moss, potatoes, wood shavings and sawdust. It is also made from straw, rice, hop-vine, liquorice root, stalks of mallow and husks of Indian corn. The successful manufacture of all this variety of material into paper, proves that any kind of vegetable fibre can be made into it. Many other kinds might be mentioned as having been used, and among them the seaweed was at one time considerably used. At present, wood shavings or strippings seem to supply the lack of cotton pretty fully, and we see that one firm in New England advertise for ten thousand cords of wood suitable for that use. Improved machinery for stripping the wood into fine shavings, and improved methods of chemical preparation enable manufacturers to make a very good article of printing and other paper of almost any kind of wood.

But, among the many varieties of material used there are three or four which we have not seen enumerated which may or may not be used with profit in this species of manufacture. The use of these and the names we will respectfully *hint* to those who are experimenting in this business.

But we will first observe, however, that it is self-evident that whatever is used as a substitute for cotton or linen rags, should 1st be abundant and 2d, easily reduced to the peculiar pulplike condition required for spreading it into the sheet. The substances we propose are

1st Beech leaves. These have a thin, but comparatively tough fibre, as is proved by their continuing on the tree during the winter, and oftentimes until fairly pushed off in the spring by the new ones coming out from their buds. Should they be found to be useful, large amounts of them could be gathered in the northern sections of New England.

2d. Pine leaves. The leaves of some of the pines have a tougher fibre than others. Some varieties are so tough and elastic that by maceration, and other processes the more soluble portions have been disolved out, and the remaining fibre actually been spun into thread or yarn.

3d. The down or cotton of the cattail flag, so called (*Typha latifolia*) This is not naturally so abundant as the two first named substances, but, if required, could be cultivated and procured abundantly in wet lands and borders of lakes.

4th. The stalk and flower of the common "life everlasting." (*Gnaphalium margaritaceum.*)

This has a dry woolly fibre and can be obtained, if needed, in any amount in the northern sections of Maine where it springs up spontaneously in neglected and worn out fields.

We mention these things now, because there is enquiry for paper stock and now is the time to make the trial of whatever may possibly be of service. If either, or all of them, on trial, should prove to be suitable for the use proposed, some advantage will be gained, not only by the manufacturer but by the community of consumers also.

NEW ENGLAND CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR. It is believed that the Exhibition to be held in Springfield, Mass., this week, will surpass any other ever held in this country. The show of stock and agricultural implements will be very large. Among the famous horses entered for the various premiums, is Mr. T. S. Lang's stallion, Gen. Knox, who will take part in the most exciting contests of the occasion. The trotting will take place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The trials on Friday are open to all horses in the United States, and will be the crowning glory of the exhibition. We have no doubt that Maine will win her share of the honors.

☞The authoress of the "Little Prudy Stories," a popular series of juvenile works, is understood to be a Maine lady, Miss Rebecca Clarke of Norridgewock.

The War News of the Week.

The hearts of loyal men all over the land will rejoice at the glorious news of the capture of Atlanta by Gen. Sherman's forces, brief details of which will be found in our record of the war. No other event, save the fall of Richmond, either in a military or political point of view, could have so important a bearing upon the final issue of the war. It gives us possession of the key of the railroad system of the Gulf States, and once more cuts in twain the Confederacy, driving Hood's broken and discomfited columns, if they be allowed to retreat at all, helplessly and hopelessly from their connections with Lee's army in Virginia, and leaving Georgia and Alabama, the most productive of the insurgent States, crowded with slaves and denuded of their able-bodied white population, completely at the mercy of Gen Sherman. Only one thing now remains to be accomplished—the possession of Mobile, thus opening to his army, by the way of the Alabama river, a more safe and convenient base of supplies,—to enable Sherman to consummate the campaign thus far so brilliantly and successfully conducted, by the utter destruction of the rebel power in the Gulf States, and practically narrowing the area of the Confederacy to the limits of the Carolinas and Virginia. The recent fall of Fort Morgan, and the consequent uncontested possession of the bay, by the fleet of Admiral Farragut, makes the capture of Mobile an event to be calculated upon certainly and speedily.

Apart from the important influence which Sherman's great success will have upon the military situation in Virginia, affairs in that department present an aspect much more encouraging and satisfactory than they have been since the Army of the Potomac crossed the James river. If Gen. Grant has not made the same apparent progress which has marked the campaign in Georgia, he is the not less surely working out the great problem entrusted to his solution. The firm foothold which his left wing has obtained on the Weldon railroad, not only effectually severs that important line, but gives him a position from which to menace the Danville road, the main rebel line of communication with the South. So vital is this to the existence of Lee's army, according to the testimony of military men, that if we could get firm possession, or even seriously threaten it, it would compel the abandonment of Richmond and Virginia, and oblige Lee to fall back into North Carolina, still further reducing the area of the Confederacy, and assuming the successful execution of General Sherman's programme, vastly simplifying the work of suppressing the rebellion.

To do this, however, and to do it speedily and effectually, more men are wanted. It is within the power of the people to end this rebellion with a single blow, and restore peace to the country on the basis of the integrity of the Government and the restoration of the Union. Grant has declared "that if he had but a hundred thousand fresh men, he would in fifty days do up all the fighting that needs to be done during the war." The Government appeals to the patriotism of the people to furnish the needed reinforcements to its armies in the field. Either by volunteering or the draft, it must be done. Let there be no hesitancy or halting. The rebellion is now putting forth its last desperate energies, having exhausted its resources of men and means for the final effort. Shall that effort succeed or fail? A momentous issue to the country and to the world hangs upon the answer.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS. The democratic convention held in Chicago last week, resulted in the nomination of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan of New Jersey for President, and Geo. H. Pendleton of Ohio, for Vice President. The nomination for President was made upon the first ballot, Gen. McClellan receiving 202½ votes, and Thos. H. Seymour of Connecticut, 22½. On motion of Mr. Vallandingham, the nomination was made unanimous. The first ballot for Vice President, resulted as follows: James Guthrie 65½; Geo. H. Pendleton 54½; Daniel W. Voorhees 13; Geo. W. Cass 26; Augustus Dodge 9; J. D. Caton 16; Geo. Powell 32½; John S. Phelps 8; blank 1. On the second balloting, Mr. Pendleton received a unanimous vote.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted declaring unswerving fidelity to the Union and Constitution; demanding an immediate cessation of hostilities and a convention of the States, to take measures for the restoration of peace; denouncing military interference in elections and counselling resistance to the same; condemning the policy and action of the present administration in its efforts to suppress the rebellion as a usurpation of power, and as calculated to prevent the restoration of the Union; reprobating the conduct of the administration in regard to the exchange of prisoners; and finally, extending sympathy to the soldiers of the army and promising them care, protection and kindness in the event of the party obtaining power.

STATE MILITARY AGENT. Col. Benj. H. Hinds is now acting as Military Agent for the State of Maine, in Washington. The faithfulness and energy with which the duties of that responsible position are discharged by him, and the humane consideration which our sick and wounded soldiers receive at his hands, has recently received a well-deserved and grateful recognition. Several gentlemen from Maine, lately visiting Washington and appreciating the efficiency and value of his labors which are rendered without pecuniary compensation, united in presenting him with an elegant gold watch and chain. The act was honorable to all concerned, and is worthy of public mention. The names of these gentlemen are A. B. Farwell, J. H. Manley, Wm. Gaslin, Jr. of Augusta, and John Stimpson and Wm. Emery of York County.

THE MAINE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE. The Portland *Advertiser* states that the Commissioners appointed by the Governor to receive and consider proposed donations of sites for an agricultural college, on Thursday last visited the farm in Gorham which was offered to the State by Hon. F. O. J. Smith last winter. The examination of the premises by the Commissioners is understood to have been very thorough. Their final opinion in regard to the location, has not of course been indicated, as another site has been, and others may be, proffered and visited. A meeting was had in Portland on Friday, with a committee of Bowdoin College, in reference, as is supposed, to the question of location. The Commissioners are Hon. W. G. Crosby of Belfast, Hon. Joseph Eaton of Winslow, and Hon. Samuel F. Perley of Naples.

☞The Kennebec Union Agricultural and Horticultural Society will hold its annual Fair upon the Society's grounds in Gardiner, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct., 4th and 5th. Augusta is within the limits of this society, and we hope our farmers, gardeners, and citizens generally will attend and contribute to the show. The "steam car" will greatly facilitate the convenience of attendance. The officers of this Society are J. M. Carpenter, President, Nathan Foster, Secretary.

DEATHS OF MAINE SOLDIERS. The following deaths are reported at Washington hospitals during the past week: Otis Getchell, 16th Maine; Judia Gilley, 19th Maine; Sam'l Freeman, 20th Maine.

At City Point hospitals the following deaths are reported: J. H. Gerrish, 1st Maine Heavy Artillery; H. S. Lermond, 11th Maine; E. W. Eldridge, 32d Maine; M. B. Allen, 31st Maine.

At Fortress Monroe, John Waite and L. Lyon, 8th Maine.

NAVAL CREDITS. Maine has been credited with 3083 enlistments in the naval service of the United States up to and including August 24, 1864, with the exception of the number recently recruited in the receiving ship Sabine, at Portland, which will still further reduce the quota of the State under the present call. The following is a list of credits to towns in the 3d District:

Towns.	Total No. of credits.	Towns.	Total No. of credits.
Augusta,	28	Norridgewock,	1
Albion,	1	Nobleboro',	7
Alna,	4	Pittston,	12
Belgrade,	1	Ripley,	1
Benton,	3	Readfield,	1
Boothbay,	34	Sidney,	3
Bremen,	7	Somerville,	2
Bristol,	18	Skowhegan,	2
Chelsea,	5	Southport,	20
China,	20	St George,	23
Canaan,	2	Starks,	1
Cushing,	6	Thomaston,	22
Cornville,	2	Union,	3
Damariscotta,	14	Vassalboro',	16
Dresden,	8	Waterville,	8
Edgecomb,	7	Wayne,	1
Fairfield,	1	West Gardiner,	2
Farmingdale,	7	Windsor,	1
Friendship,	12	Winslow,	3
Gardiner,	9	Winthrop,	5
Harmony,	2	Waldoboro',	10
Hallowell,	12	Westport,	13
Jefferson,	20	White field,	8
Litchfield,	11	Wiscasset,	47
Manchester,	8	Washington,	1
Monmouth,	6	Warren,	5
Mt Vernon,	2	Monhegan Isle Plan.,	2
New Portland,	1		
Newcastle,	17	Total in Dist,	489

Enlistments in the navy are going on so rapidly in Maine that the Government has extended the time in which enlistments will be received to the 20th inst, and every arrangement will be made by the Navy Department to facilitate such enlistments. The naval commandants at Portland and Kittery have been instructed to establish a land rendezvous, and the Governor, in accordance with permission from the Navy department, has designated surgeons and clerks to repair to each place for examination of recruits, and to facilitate making out the necessary papers.

☞One of the great wants in our city—a want severely apparent to all classes of citizens, permanent and transient—is a new, convenient, and commodious passenger depot, one distinct and unconnected with a freight house, and having all the comforts and conveniences of a superior first class railway station house. Since the road was first constructed, until within a few years, the present depot has served the wants of the people very well, but the business of the road has so largely increased during the past three years, that it has outgrown the capacity of the present depot. Upon the arrival of trains a crowd very annoying to travelers and passengers, cannot be avoided in the narrow space between the cars and the passenger rooms, and more room has long been desired. We hope the Company, who with such commendable liberality are making so many improvements upon the road, will conclude to remodel and improve the present depot, or at no distant day erect a new one which shall be alike commodious and convenient to the travelling public, and an ornament to our city.

☞There was quite a spirited trot on Wednesday last in Bangor between Mr. Waldo T. Pierce's bay gelding Garibaldi and George M. Robinson's stallion Geo B. McClellan, for a purse of $300. The purse was won by the latter in three straight heats—time 2 36½—2 34—2.33. The Bangor *Times* says this is the fastest time ever made on this track. The gelding did not show his best, being out of humor, and breaking badly. The attendance was good, over 1000 people being present. The track was in excellent order, and the weather at the right temperature. Altogether, it was a very interesting time.

THE DRAFT. We have reason to believe that the draft will not be found necessary to fill the quota of Maine under the recent call. For the last few weeks, enlistments, both in the army and navy, have been going on with unexampled rapidity. Adjutant General Hodsdon states that at no period since the commencement of the rebellion, has the business of recruiting been more briskly prosecuted, or volunteers more readily obtained. If other States are doing half as well as Maine, Gen. Grant will have all the men he needs to give the finishing blow to the rebellion.

MURDER AT FRANKFORT. The Bangor *Whig* states that an unprovoked and cold-blooded murder was perpetrated on Friday night last in the town of Frankfort. A worthless and vicious fellow named McKinney, belonging to Kenduskeag, applied to Mr. Ramsdell, mate of a vessel belonging to the Messrs. Treat, for a berth. Ramsdell, knowing his character, refused to employ him, whereupon, watching his opportunity, McKinney struck him a blow upon the head with a bludgeon, killing him almost instantly. McKinney was immediately arrested and carried to Belfast for trial.

UNION PRISONERS. The Bangor *Whig* states that Lt. E. W. Ware of the 9th Maine, who has been confined in the Richland Prison, Columbia, S. C. for the last year and a half, writes to his wife in Bangor, that Capt. E. F. Wyman of this city, is at that place, a prisoner. Also Colonel White, of the 31st, Capts. Noyes and Bartlett, Lieuts. Brown, Pendexter, Tobey and Sherman of the same regiment. Geo F. Drew of the 6th, is also there. They are all well. Lieut. Ware has had a long experience in rebel prisons, but has been fortunate enough to keep clear of a Richmond Prison, and thus saved his life and health.

☞The U. S. gunboat Merrimac, one day last week, off Rockland, overhauled and took possession of a suspicious looking steamer. No particulars have been received in relation to the true character of the vessel. The Portland *Advertiser* says: "Undoubtedly this is the steamer Rowen, of 200 tons, a captured blockade runner, which was sold last week in Boston, by the U. S. Marshal, to A. W. Calden, of St. John, N. B., and which sailed from Boston on Monday last for that port. It is not improbable that the intention was to reconvert her into a blockade runner."

☞The election of Governor, Representatives to Congress, members of the Legislature and County Officers will take place on Monday next, 12th inst. A vote will also be taken upon the proposed amendment to the Constitution, allowing the soldiers in the field to vote for President, and State and County officers.

☞Col. J. W. Welch of the 19th Maine, wounded in the battle of the Wilderness on the 12th of May last, and since promoted to the command of the regiment, has so far recovered from his wound as to be able to resume active duty in the field. He will leave this city for the front on Thursday of the present week.

☞We regret to state that Miss Major Cushman, the famous Union spy, whose lectures were announced in several places in Maine, will not be able to fulfil her engagements this week on account of illness. As soon as practicable she will appear in this city, due notice of which will be given.

☞The levee, held at the Branch Mills by the Palermo and Branch Mills Society, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, realized the net amount of one hundred and forty dollars and ninety cents.

☞Darius N. Parks of Co. K, 1st Maine Cavalry, reported killed on the 11th of May last in the action at Goodell's Tavern, is now in the U. S General Hospital at Annapolis. He was wounded and taken prisoner and has been recently exchanged.

Communications.

Gossipings from Down South.

CHESTER COUNTY, PENN., Aug. 26th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A dull, damp morning, and with no pressing out-door work on hand—just the time and occasion for an hour's chatting with old friends. I had just new nibbed my pen—I still stick to the goose quill—for some agricultural small talk with your readers, when the morning's mail brought me the last issue of the *Farmer*, with your timely and appropriate remarks upon "Personal Sacrifice for the Country." Your views upon this subject are so congenial with my own, that I cannot resist the temptation to indulge in a few comments also.

And while I have no doubt whatever as to our final triumph over this infernal slaveholders' rebellion, I feel that as a people, we have not suffered the full penalty long since pronounced against "the nations that forget God." For transgressions no greater than ours, a once favored nation endured forty years of trials to which, as yet, our trials bear no comparison. And when I hear men croaking and groaning over the war, denouncing the Government and whining about peace, I feel cross enough to almost hope and pray that a forty years of wandering in this wilderness of war might be inflicted upon such a heartless and unpatriotic generation. The truth is, over half the people of this country (I include the men only, and not the women) are utterly devoid of genuine patriotism. Had this assertion been made to me three years ago, I would have denounced it as a gross libel. But he who denies it to-day is wilfully blind or purposely deceived. The fact stares us in the face through the senseless partisan clamor against the Government, the recently developed conspiracies in the West, the plunderings by government employees, and the indifference of our able bodied young men towards replenishing our armies. And next to slavery, I look upon this lack of patriotism among the people as our great national sin, and fearfully are we being punished for it to-day. A people who cannot, or will not, love and appreciate a great and good government, can neither expect, nor do they deserve a continuance of the unparalleled prosperity that has been vouchsafed us during our whole existence as a nation.

While the whole tenor of your remarks, meets my entire approbation, I feel that I must demur to your use of the word "sacrifice." The idea is repugnant to me that a man *can* sacrifice anything for such a country as ours. Why, I hold it, that every man of us, "mind, body and estate," in this dreadful emergency, belongs entirely to the country, and when necessity compels her to demand any portion or all we have, it is our duty to give promptly and cheerfully. And he who gives grudgingly, or bears complainingly the burdens necessarily devolving upon us, is no better than he "who denieth his own household"—he should hang his head in very shame whenever his eyesight falls upon the glorious flag of our Union.

In thus arraigning one half the men of our land as being devoid of a genuine love of country, I would bear my testimony to the gallantry and devotion of the *other half* who have "gone to the front," or are pouring out their substance freely and without stint in behalf of the country. If a sacrifice *can* be made for an imperilled country, it is made by those who are perilling life and limb in our army and navy. Ah! how my heart warms up to these brave men as I see them in my daily walks. An impulsive greeting of respect and admiration is instinctively drawn from me whenever I meet even the humblest member in the ranks, for beneath his bronzed face and war-worn, tattered dress, I recognize the true embodiment of the genuine patriot,—for what more can a man do than lay down his life for his country. May the blessings of Heaven and the gratitude of the nation be profusely showered down upon the heads of our brave soldiers.

Alas! alas! that I should be compelled to entertain the idea, that as a people we have degenerated in public virtue since the days of our Fathers. But it *does* appear so. In those days there was no such selfish scrambling for office, no such senseless display of pride and extravagance, no such rabid and remorseless partizanship, no such tendency in employees to defraud, the Government, as we now see unblushingly stalking over the land. And yet, perhaps, all this may be a phase of character growing out of the disordered "times," or from our too rapidly increasing wealth, which is apt to bring in its train an increase of vice and folly. With it all, however, I have never for a moment lost faith in the great destiny which the future has in store for our Republic. Providence is now treating us according to our deserts, and in His good time all will be well again with us. But the days of miracles being over, we shall not be made whole in an instant, and we may have to wash seven times in the Jordan of trials and afflictions before we shall be cleansed from the leprous taints with which generations of slavery has inoculated our land.

I have faith, too, that the regeneration of the Republic will principally be the work of the people in the rural districts. Away from the demoralization growing out of great wealth in cities, they have fewer temptations to evil, and enlarged opportunities for good. And every farmer should feel that his particular mission at this time is to work, and work vigorously to counteract every effort of designing politicians to embarass the government in its herculean task of suppressing this gigantic and accursed rebellion.

And now, if the crude thoughts thus hastily thrown together shall induce one reader of the *Farmer* to pay a little more attention to the affairs of the country, and throw his influence more energetically in sustaining the Government in its present trying condition, I shall feel well compensated for the hour's labor of

Truly yours, RUSTICUS

Letter from the Front.

NEAR PETERSBURG, Aug. 25th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Thinking the present high position occupied by the Second Corps warrants a letter for its especial merits, I take the liberty to forward this for the benefit of your readers.

The present 2d Corps is formed out of the remnant of the "old Second," which fought throughout McClellan's campaign, and at Fredericksburg under Sumner, the deceased hero, for whom we all so deeply mourned, under Couch at Chancellorsville, and Hancock, its present commander, at Gettysburg, and the "old third" corps, made immortal by such commanders as Heintzelman, Hooker and Sickles, and those dead, yet living heroes, Kearney, and Berry of our own State. What might not be expected of such troops, inured to hardships throughout many a campaign. They left Stevensburg the 3d day of May last, and in this whole campaign when anything desperate or extra hazardous is to be performed, the 2d Corps is called upon to do it. Whether it be holding the right and rear, as at Spottsylvania, making the perilous charges and flank movements, as at the Wilderness, North Anna, Cold Harbor, or Petersburg. I do not do detriment to the other gallant corps of this army of the Potomac, when I say that the 2d Corps has had to perform the most perilous undertakings, and has acquitted itself so well, that those composing the 5th and 6th corps do not hesitate to award the palm to it. It is commanded by a man who is every inch a soldier. A General, who, when riding along his lines with but one orderly, receives no hurrahs, but a silence greets him which no demonstration of applause can equal. The silent observer in watching the movements of officers and men, can plainly see the flash of the eye, the firmly compressed lip, the tightening of the muscles and the firm grasp of sword by the officers, and musket by the men, evincing a determination to do or die under their gallant leader. The flash of Hancock's eye, his noble presence, his quiet, determined manner, gives confidence to all under his command, and there lies the secret of his great success. Where Hancock leads, victory accompanies him. It were useless to mention individuals in the corps, where all have done so well. The divisions are commanded by such men as Barlow, Gibbon and Mott, of whom no mention need be made, except that they are worthy seconds to the gallant head.

The 17th Maine Regiment belongs to the 3d Division and the 19th to the 2d Division. These are the only Maine organizations in the corps, I believe. The 19th Maine is counted as one of the "crack" regiments in the 2d division. The corps has been in light marching order for some weeks and is called upon to make feints, support advanced positions and attacks, and has just returned from a very successful strategic move across the James river at Deep Bottom. The corps left Petersburg at night, embarked next day at City Point, evidently with a design to "cheat the rebels," and the following morning found them confronting the rebel lines near Malvern Hill and making such vigorous demonstrations that the rebel General supposed it to be the real attack on Richmond and withdrew Hill's corps from before Petersburg, weakening the rebel lines so that the 5th Corps, under the youthful man yet "old soldier," Warren, pounced upon the main source of supply for Richmond, the Weldon railroad, and after repeated attacks and repulses has succeeded in holding and completely destroying it. That night the 2d Corps marched twenty-four miles and was in support of the 5th Corps next day. So quick are the movements of this corps that it has obtained the sobriquet of "Hancock's Cavalry." Oh, I forgot to mention the important fact and for which I hope Capt Dow will pardon me, that the 6th Maine Battery is part and parcel of the Corps. The fight made by this Battery at the plank road and the Wilderness, after its support had all left it, thereby saving the army from defeat and perhaps destruction, was enough to immortalize its name. At Spottsylvania, at the North Anna, at Coal Harbor, Petersburg and Deep Bottom, its deeds are well known, and Capt Dow enjoys a reputation second to no battery commander in the 2d corps. The 6th Maine has always held the advance positions and the tenacity with which they held their lines and the precision of their practice is well known in the Corps. As an infantry Colonel told me a short time since, "I always feel safe when Dow's battery is around."

During my rambles, I met George S. Henderson, of Norridgewock, formerly a sergeant in the 6th battery. I at first thought he was on a visit to his old comrades in arms, but he informs me his discharge was cancelled at the request of the former Capt. of the battery (McGilvery) and he was brought out here on a charge of desertion. I was much astonished and grieved as I have known Henderson for a long time.

I have made some inquiries into his case, and can assure his suffering wife and many friends in Somerset County, that he is all right. He was partially tried when the army moved, and the Judge Advocate decided he could not be tried again unless he demanded it. He has demanded a new trial, and I hope he will soon receive it. Capt. Dow affords him every facility to prove his innocence, which I have no doubt he will be able to do, to the satisfaction of his many friends in Maine. I expect to remain here until the winter sets in and will take pleasure in communicating to you again in a few days. I am sirs, yours very respectfully, GEORGE.

Letter from the Eleventh Maine.

HEADQUARTERS, 3D BRIG 1ST DIVISION,
10th Army Corps, Deep Bottom, Va.,
Aug. 26th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Wishing to give your readers some accurate idea of the operations of the Eleventh Maine Vols. in the recent engagements, I concluded to *look* a copy of the Colonel's Report. Extracts are enclosed Every one speaks of the splendid conduct of the Eleventh. No regiment could have a better name. The men and officers are up to the work. On the return, Col. Plaisted was appointed by Maj Gen. Birney to command the rear guard of one thousand men, selected from the diff rent regiments of the Corps.

Braver and better officers never drew swords, than Lieut. Col. Hill, Maj Baldwin, Capt. Lawrence, Capt. Sabine and Lieut. Holt, who fell in these engagements severely wounded, some of them mortally we fear.

The regiment now numbers less than three hundred muskets for duty. The men are in excellent spirits and ready for any service. Capt Merrill is in command, Col. Plaisted being in command of all the forces at Deep Bottom. Marching orders are expected soon. When next you hear from us it will be from Petersburg. The Eleventh has not yet been at Petersburg. We consider though, that we fought at Petersburg when fighting at Deep Bottom and Deep Run last week. We drew off the enemy's forces so that the 5th Army Corps were able to secure the Weldon railroad. We now go to help *hold* it.

The following list of enlisted men, comprises the remaining part of the casualties occurring on the 19th inst:

Corp. Lewis Day, Co. G, finger slight; Corp. John F, Buzzell, Co. K, hand slight; Private F Rubier, Co. B, leg severe; Private J. Falker, Co. E, hand slight; and A E Hall, Co. F, killed.

Your ob't servant, H. A. MANLEY,
Clerk, Headquarters 3d Brig.

Battle at Deep Bottom.

At 4 15 A. M. August, 14th, I received orders from Gen. Foster to be in readiness with my regiment to attack the enemy at daylight. Three hundred and twenty-five of the 11th were on picket, extending from the Grover House to the Four Mile Creek, a distance of more than one mile. The Deep Bottom road divided this front in about two equal parts. The Eleventh Maine was to attack on the right, between Deep Bottom and Four Mile Creek, the Tenth Conn. on the left of the road.

The few officers and men in camp for duty were ordered to join their respective companies on the picket line immediately. That portion of the regiment, on the left of Deep Bottom road, all but one company, and the videttes, was thrown to the right of the road and the regiment hastily formed in line—a thin skirmish line without reserve.

Ordered to attack, the Eleventh was soon hotly engaged. At fifteen minutes past five, among others Maj. Baldwin and Capt Sabine were carried to the rear severely wounded. For more than two hours the Eleventh was hotly engaged along its whole front, with a superior force of the enemy, strongly posted—pressing him closely, all the time suffering, and all the time steadily advancing.

At 7.30 A. M. the 100th N. Y. was sent to take a portion of my front and the 6th Conn. as a support to both regiments. At the same time I received the following orders from Headquarters Brigade:

"There is a general advance ordered all along the line. You will therefore press steadily forward, with as much rapidity as possible and drive the enemy into his entrenchments. Let there be no more delay in the advance than is absolutely necessary. Let it be done immediately. The 6th Conn. and 34th Mass. in reserve will advance with the main line, keeping within supporting distance."

Before the 100th N. Y. had reached its position the general advance commenced. Requesting Col. Rockwell to support me closely with the 6th Conn, and not waiting for the 100th to take any part of my line, I ordered the 11th to charge. In an instant the line sprang forward, regardless of numbers, over the enemy's entrenchments, and without halting even to gather up the prisoners, throwing down their arms and announcing their surrender, followed the fleeing rebels with hurrahs, so closely, they had not time to form behind their rear defences, over two strong lines of which they were driven in succession. Through the woods, some four hundred yards, the pursuit was continued to the open field at the foot of Spring Hill. Here along the edge of the woods, in a last line of rebel rifle-pits, the 11th was halted and the skirmish line reformed. The prisoners captured and sent in by the 11th were twenty-six, a small proportion of the number captured by the regiment. Many were passed over by the regiment, and left to be gathered up by the 100th N. Y. and other regiments as they came up—the 11th dashing on to capture the enemy's reserves, who, leaving their arms in the stack, took to flight with the greatest precipitation.

The loss of the regiment in this engagement, nearly all of which occurred previous to the charge, was nine killed and forty wounded, including two commissioned officers. The conduct of the men and officers in this fight was beyond praise.

Two companies C and D, lost eleven and twelve respectively killed and wounded, nearly half of their muskets. Co. G losing heavily, had its commanding officer disabled when the Orderly Sergt. took command. In a few minutes he was disabled and the next Sergeant took charge, but never a man took one step backward.

The Battle at Deep Run 16th.

The enemy's pickets or rather videttes were soon after met in a line of rifle-pits and driven in by the skirmish line. A few prisoners were captured by the 11th, but advancing across a second ravine the enemy was soon met in strong force behind a line of breastworks of logs and earth, and the engagement with all the skirmishers soon became hot.

While endeavoring to develop the enemy's position on my front, I received an order from the General to "drive the enemy into his main works and ascertain whether the same could be carried by assault. The skirmish line was accordingly pressed forward very close—the bushes being thick—when a charge was made and the enemy's works, which proved to be his real picket line, carried with rousing cheers and with little loss.

Not stopping for a moment even to secure the affrighted prisoners, the line rushed on, followed by the reserves. The 11th was now all on the skirmish line, the Md. cavalry and a battalion of the 2d Corps, followed as reserves. When the enemy's main line was reached by the 11th the first volley from the enemy not only checked the reserves, but turned them back. Every possible effort was made to bring them forward, especially by the officers of the Md. cavalry. This delay and hesitation caused the failure of the charge at this time.

The 11th was withdrawn a few yards, where it lay until the 1st Brigade came up and formed a line in my rear. I then withdrew the 11th and formed my line on the right of the 24th Mass, a little to the left of the 1st Brigade.

When the 1st Brigade, soon after charged, the 3d Brigade charged with it. The 11th dashed across Deep Run and into the enemy's main works on its front.

On the left of the 11th the enemy's works were not taken, which subjected my regiment to a heavy flank fire. The right of the 24th Mass joined the left of the 11th in the enemy's works. Thence its line ran back nearly at right angles to my line over the slope into Deep Run. Near the left of the 24th Mass, a small ravine entered Deep Run abreast, at right angles to it. Beyond this ravine, the enemy retired and held on to the angle of land formed by it and Deep Run with the greatest tenacity. The position thus held, formed a bastion which enfiladed my whole line, and defied all attempts that were made to take it.

The enemy now crossed the ravine and charged down in front of the 11th, but were severely repulsed. One time his colors were shot down within two hundred feet of my front, but were taken off.

The enemy now entered the ravine in great numbers, their battle flags appearing above it, and there was great danger of his turning the left of the 11th and 24th by moving down the ravine into Deep Run. The fire of musketry had been incessant. My men had expended all their cartridges, and as many more of the rebel cartridges which were found along the work in abundance, and their guns were so foul it was only by using the pieces of the dead and wounded the fire could be kept up. Lieut. Col. Hill, Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Holt, had in the early part of the engagement left the field, wounded. Twice my flag-staff had been shot away. It was now near 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the position must be lost if not supported immediately. Barton's old Brigade lay upon my right, commanded by a Lieut. Col I applied to him to send a regiment to support my left. He sent a Penn. regiment, the 76th I believe, but before it got into position it was evident it would not stand. I then requested the Lieut. Col. to move the balance of his brigade and see if the "bastion" could not be carried. The Brigade was ordered up and began to move by the left flank in rear of my regiment, but scarcely had the movement commenced, when the regiment he had already sent, dissolved and disappeared across the Run. The 24th then gave way, and the 11th was rolled up. The rebel flag was planted on the parapet, when the left of my regiment rested before the colors of the 11th retired. It was not possible for the 11th and 24th to hold their position unless the enemy was driven from the ravine and "bastion."

In this fight, my regiment lost 93 enlisted men, and three commissioned officers, killed and wounded, most of whom fell from the flank fire while taking and holding the enemy's works.

The total losses in the engagement at Deep Bottom and Deep Run, were 146, including five commissioned Officers.

About sunset of the 16th, the 11th was placed on the left of our line connecting with the 2d Corps at the Mill Pond, where it lay until the night of the 18th, engaged most of the time in fortifying its front.

The 11th followed the movements of the Brigade to the New Market Road near Malvern Hill, and thence to Deep Bottom where it arrived at sunrise the morning of the 20th and went immediately on picket.

Of the conduct of the 11th in these seven days' campaign, I am proud to say, that every man and every officer did his duty as far as it was made known to him and to the extent of his ability. On the march throughout the seven days, not a man straggled from the regiment or fell out

Where all were equally exposed and all did their duty equally well, it is impossible and would be unjust to particularize. A tribute of praise is due to Lieut. Col. Hill, to Major Baldwin, to Capt. Lawrence, mortally wounded, to Capt Sabine and Lieut Holt, commanding company, severely wounded, for their gallant conduct, but none the less to the one hundred and forty brave men, many of whom gave their lives, many their limbs, and all received severe wounds.

Casualties in the Nineteenth Maine.

HEADQUARTERS 19th Me. Vols.
Camp near Petersburg, Va., Aug. 28, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I herewith send you a list of the casualties in this regiment, of August 25th. The 1st and 2d divisions of the 2d corps being engaged in destroying the Weldon Railroad track near Ream's Station. We had a rough time, and came out well, considering the chances.

Killed.—Co. B, Abijah N. Clay.

Wounded.—Co C, Capt Chas E Nash, flesh, sword arm. Co A, private Martin Andrews, slightly. Co B, Sergt D S Richards, breast, severely. Co D, private James Pierce Co E, privates Jos Farnham; Benj Knowles, leg, slightly. Co G, Corp Frank D Robbins, contusion foot; privates Geo F Doe, shoulder, since dead. Co H, Geo Fuller. Co I, Chas W Powell.

Missing.—Co B, Alonzo B Gregory, A D Hall, Norad Grover. Co C, John Barnes, James W Flanders. Co D, Christian Anderson, Enoch Hollis, Wm R Sawyer. Co E, Marcellus Freeman, Benj Roberts, Elisha P Richards. Co F, Leonard B Ricker. Co G, Wm Murphy, Zeola W Young. Co H, A J Basford, Frank Field, Geo Smith, Chas H Steward, Cyrus H Ring. Co I, Peter Larkin, James Madison, Chas Miller, L Boynton. Co K, George Bennett, Wm Greenwood, Morris Murray.

TOTAL. One officer wounded; 2 men killed; 8 men wounded; 26 men missing.

The twenty-six enlisted men missing are without doubt mostly wounded and prisoners, as in falling back we passed through a large cornfield where the rebels

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

their fire on the fort, when the bombardment was renewed spiritedly. In the meanwhile the enemy succeeded in getting their howitzers into position, and the line of skirmishers along the glacis of the fort opened a heavy fire on our guns and gunners, and, with the assistance of the mortar fleet, succeeded in damaging several of our gun carriages. The fort did not fire on Tuesday. Gen. Page destroyed everything in the fort and spiked his guns. He and the garrison, numbering 581, were sent to New Orleans. Seventeen were killed and the number wounded is unknown. None of the combatants were allowed to visit the city. The enemy have a strong force of 4000 on the main land at Grant's Pass.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

Unofficial reports represent Forrest, Wheeler, and Morgan having joined their forces operating against Gen. Sherman's communications between Chattanooga and Nashville, but no report has been received from Gen. Sherman.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

From New Orleans---Destruction of the Rebel Ram Nashville

NEW YORK, Sept. 1. The steamer McClellan, from New Orleans 24th ult. via Mobile Bay 27th, has arrived. She brings Admiral Farragut's official despatches regarding the capture of Fort Morgan, and the flags of the rebel steam ram Tennessee, the rebel steamer Selma, and of Forts Gaines and Morgan.

The rebel ram Nashville was blown up by the Metacomet on the night of the 25th ult, below Mobile. She was 360 feet long, and was to mount twelve guns.

The gunboat Oneida fished up six torpedoes on the 25th' in the channel below the forts.

The ram Tennessee would soon leave New Orleans. The Selma is doing duty in the Union cause.

Gen. Sheridan's Operations---Attack on the Enemy's by Averill's Cavalry.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1. The *Herald's* Falling Waters, correspondent, writing under date of yesterday says: "Averill's cavalry attacked the enemy to-day on Winchester pike, and drove him beyond Clarksonville. He also pressed the enemy's pickets on the Geradstown and Charlestown roads. They were strongly reinforced and our force fell back. The result was what was desired, and the re-occupation of Martinsburg by the enemy is not to be regretted."

The *Tribune's* special despatch, dated Charlestown Aug. 31, 9 A. M., says Sheridan's advance occupies Smithfield, and the remainder of the army is strongly intrenched in a good position a few miles beyond Charlestown. The enemy still maintains his lines in our front, but evinces no disposition to attack. Early's main force is believed to be in the vicinity of Bunker Hill.

The Pirate Tallahassee---She has a Fight with a Gunboat and escapes into Wilmington.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1. The *Herald's* Beaufort (N. C) correspondent says that on the night of the 25th ult., Capt. Phelon of the gunboat Monticello, off New Inlet, discovered a steamer standing for the shore under full steam. He made pursuit and fired at her but elicited no reply. Finally the stranger fired a large shell which passed between the Monticello's masts. Capt. Phelon than sent a 30-pounder, to which grape was returned in reply, striking almost under the stern of the Monticello. The Monticello then opened with 9-inch and 30-pounder shell, but received no response, and found the steamer had suddenly disappeared. During the engagement a rebel battery of Whitworth guns stationed on shore kept up constant fire against the Monticello, but doing no damage. When the day dawned, the stranger, which proved to be the Tallahassee, was seen safely moored under the guns of the rebel Fort Fisher. Precautions have been taken to keep her there, though she may manage to slip out some dark night.

The Surrender of Fort Morgan---Admiral Farragut's Official Report---Dishonorable Conduct of Rebels Officers.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2d The Navy Department to-day received the following from Admiral Farragut:

"FLAGSHIP HARTFORD, Mobile, Aug. 25. Sir: I had the honor, in my despatch No. 21, to state, to the Department that Fort Morgan had surrendered on the 23d to the army and the navy, though at the time the despatch was written the ceremony of surrender had not actually taken place.

The correspondence preliminary to that event is herewith forwarded, and the Department will perceive the terms of capitulation are the same as in the case of Fort Gaines. General Page endeavored to obtain more favorable terms, but without success.

I regret to state that after the assembling of the rebel officers at the appointed hour for surrender, outside the fort, it was discovered on examination that most of the guns had been spiked, and many gun carriages wantonly injured, arms, ammunition, provision, etc., done after the white flag had been raised. It was also discovered that Page and several of his officers had no sword to deliver up, and further, that some of those surrendered had been broken.

The whole conduct of the officers of Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan presents such a striking contrast in moral principle, that I cannot fail to remark upon it. Col. Anderson, who commanded the former, finding himself in a perfectly untenable postion and encumbered with a superfluous number of conscripts, many of whom were mere boys, determined to surrender the fort, which he could not defend, and in this determination was supported by all his officers save one. But from the moment he hoisted the white flag he scrupulously kept everything intact, and in that condition he delivered it over whilst Gen. Page and his officers, with childish spite, destroyed the guns which they said they would defend to the last, but which they never defended at all, and threw away or broke those weapons which they had not the manliness to use against their enemies, for Fort Morgan never fired a gun after the commencement of the bombardment, and the advanced pickets of our army were actually on its glacis.

As before stated, the ceremony of surrender took place at 2 P. M., and that same afternoon all the garrison were sent to New Orleans in the steamer Tennessee and Bienville, where they arrived safely.

(Signed) D. G. FARRAGUT,
Rear Admiral.

From the Shenandoah---The Rebels Driven from Martinsburg.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2. The *Herald's* correspondent with Averill's cavalry, writing under date of the 1st, says it was Rhodes' corps of infantry and Vaughan's cavalry that attacked Averill at Martinsburg yesterday. They hoped to surprise Averill, but signally failed. Early was at Winchester last night, and a hasty retreat of Rhodes' forces shows that the rebels have important reasons for moving up the valley. They have lost both men and time in this last movement, the value of which they will be able to estimate in a day or two. This morning Averill again attacked the enemy, driving them out of Martinsburg and continuing the pursuit four miles toward Winchester.

The *Commercial's* special Washington dispatch says it is understood that Gen. Sheridan has orders to hold Early in the valley as long as possible.

Rebel Raid in Sherman's Rear---Our Forces in Pursuit.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 1. Passengers from Nashville state that the rebels under Wheeler, Forrest and Roddy are tearing up the track of the Great Western Railroad between Nashville and the Tennessee river. The Nashville *Union* says that Rosseau has disposed his forces so that they cannot permanently injure the road, and gone out to engage them.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 1. The rebel force, estimated at 10,000 with twelve pieces of cannon, were within seventeen miles of Nashville on the Murfreesboro' pike at daylight this morning. Gen. Rosseau with cavalry and infantry, which started yesterday afternoon, met the enemy's advance this morning, when skirmishing commenced with varying success. At last accounts Rosseau had driven the rebels three miles toward Murfreesboro'.

Important Statement of the Secretary of War ---100,000 Men now Sufficient to Finish the Rebellion.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
September 2, 1864. }

Major General Dix:

It is ascertained with reasonable certainty that the naval and other credits required by the act of Congress will amount to about 100,000, including New York, which has not been reported yet to the Department, so that the President's call of July 18 is practically reduced to 300,000 men to meet and take the place of first; the enlistments in the Navy: second: the casualties of battles, sickness, prisoners and desertions, and third the one hundred days' troops, and all others going out by the expiration of service this Fall.

One hundred thousand new troops promptly furnished are all that Gen. Grant asks for the capture of Richmond and to give a finishing blow to the rebel armies yet in the field. The residue of the call would be adequate for the garrisons in forts and to guards all the lines of communication and supply, free the country from guerillas, give security to trade, protect commerce and travel, and establish peace, order and tranquility in every State.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Capture of Atlanta---Battle at East Point and Defeat of the Rebel Forces---Hood Retreating on Macon---Official Despatches from Gen. Sherman.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
Sept. 2---8 P. M. }

To Major Gen. Dix:

This Department has received intelligence that Gen. Sherman's advance entered Atlanta about noon to-day. The particulars have not yet been received, but telegraphic communication during the night with Atlanta is expected.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON.
Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARMENT, WASHINGTON, }
Sept. 2---10:45 P. M. }

To Major Gen. Dix:

The following telegram from Maj. Gen. Slocum, dated this day in Atlanta and just received, confirms the capture of that city:

"Gen. Sherman has taken Atlanta. The 20th corps occupied the city. The main army is on the Macon railroad near East Point. A battle was fought near that point in which Gen. Sherman was successful. Particulars not known.

H. N. SLOCUM, Major General."

An unofficial report states that in the battle fought near East Point by Gen. Sherman with Gen. Hood the rebel army was cut in two with very heavy loss to the enemy, and that Gen. Hardee was killed. Our loss not known.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON.
Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT. WASHINGTON. }
Sept. 4---8 P. M. }

To Major Gen. Dix:

Gen. Sherman's official report of the capture of Atlanta has just been received by this Department. It is dated 26 miles south of Atlanta, 6 o'clock yesterday morning, but it was detained by the breaking of the telegraph lines mentioned in my despatch of last night.

As already reported the army withdrew from about Atlanta, and on the 30th had made a break in the West Point road and reached a good position from which to strike the Macon road---the right, Howard, near Jonesboro', the left, Schofield, near Rough and Ready, and the centre, Thomas at Couch's. Howard found the enemy in force at Jonesboro, and entrenched his troops, the salient within half a mile of the railroad. The enemy attacked him at 3 P. M., and was easily repulsed, leaving his dead and wounded. Finding opposition on the road, I advanced the left and centre rapidly to the railroad, made a good lodgement and broke it all the way from Rough and Ready down to Howard's left near Jonesboro, and by the same movements I interposed my whole army between Atlanta and the part of the enemy entrenched in and around Jonesboro.

We made a general attack on the enemy at Jonesboro', on the 1st of Sept, the 15th corps Gen. Jeff C. Davis, carrying the works handsomely, with ten guns and about 1000 prisoners.

In the night the enemy retreated South and we have followed him to another of his hastily constructed lines near Lovejoy Station.

Hood, at Atlanta, finding me on his road, the only one that could supply him, and between him and a considerable part of his army, blew up his magazine in Atlanta and left in the night time, when the 20th corps, Gen. Slocum, took possession of the place.

Atlanta is ours, and fairly won.

Since the 9th of May we have been in one constant battle or skirmish, and need rest.

Our losses will not exceed 1200, and we have possession of over 300 rebel dead, 250 wounded and over 1500 well.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General.

A later despatch from Gen. Slocum, dated at Atlanta, Sept. 3, 9 P. M., states that the enemy on evacuating Atlanta destroyed 7 locomotives, and 81 cars loaded with ammunition, small arms and stores, and left 14 pieces of artillery, most of them uninjured, and a large number of small arms.

Deserters are constantly coming into our lines.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Wheeler's Raid on the Tennessee & Georgia Railroad---Retreat of Early up the Shenandoah.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3. An unofficial report this evening from Nashville, says:

The damage done by Wheeler to the Railroad will be speedily repaired, and that Wheeler has retreated, that Gen. Rosseau is in pursuit, and that in an engagement between Rosseau's and Wheeler's forces, the rebel Gen. Kelley was mortally wounded and is in our hands.

A telegram from General Sheridan states that Early has retreated up the Shenandoah Valley and that he is pursued by Sheridan with his whole army; that Averill had attacked Vaughan's cavalry, captured twenty wagons, two battle flags, a number of prisoners and a herd of cattle.

From Gen. Grant's Army---An Attack on the Weldon Railroad Expected.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3. The *Commercial's* Washington despatch says a despatch from the front states that an attack on Grant's position on the Weldon Railroad is momentarily expected with all Lee's available force.

There are indications that the rebels are pinched for supplies.

Foreign News.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Europa from Liverpool 20th and Queenstown 21st August, arrived at Halifax, Aug. 31:

The London *Times*, in an editorial on Gen. Grant's assault at Petersburg, credits both sides with great valor and winds up as follows: "We, from this distance, while we deplore the strife, cannot but admire the heroism which for three months has animated the combatants in this deadly grapple, and we cannot but believe that the American character must gain from the moral qualities which have been called into action. But as enough has been done for this and for other purposes we shall rejoice to see the belligerents separating with mutual respect."

The *Index*, the London organ of the rebels, says: "We are able to say with all calmness and soberness, that the prospects of a speedy peace were never so promising, so absolutely certain. It is our sincere belief that, unless some great disaster befalls the Confederate arms before the 29th of this month, the Democratic party, then assembling in convention at Chicago, will nominate a peace candidate for the Presidency, and within three months thereafter there will be an armistice."

Serious riots have occured in Belfast, England, and other place, caused by the demonstrations of the Orangemen. Many persons were killed and wounded.

The Continental news is unimportant.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The steamer Hecla from Liverpool 23d and Queenstown 24th ult, arrived at Halifax, Sept. 2.

The Commissioners of Customs in London had issued a general order to Collectors, that in pursuance of instructions from the Lords of the Treasury, no ships of war belonging to either of the beligerent powers in North America, shall be allowed to enter any of Her Majesty's ports for the purpose of being dismantled and sold.

The London *Times'* New York correspondent writing from Niagara Falls, Aug. 8, says the Clifton House had become the centre of negotiations between the Northern friends of peace and Southern agents, and which promise the withdrawal of the differences from the arbitrament of the sword. He explaines that the effort is to nominate a Democrat for the Presidency upon a platform for an armistice and a Convention of the States, and to thwart by all possible means Mr. Lincoln's efforts for a re-election.

The *Times* winds up an article on the present situation of the war as follows: "As regards the final issue of the war, we consider the prospects of the Confederates to be as good as ever, but the Federals have shown such insensibility to defeat, and such an inflexible tenacity of purpose, that we cannot anticipate any early termination of the strife. Perhaps the success of Sherman in Georgia, or Farragut at Mobile, might counteract the disappointment produced by the failure of Grant in Virginia, and once more inspire the Federals with expectations of success; but in Europe we can only employ the lessons of an eventful campaign to confirm our convictions of the hopelessness of the war and the necessity of a speedy peace."

Order has been restored in Belfast. There has been no rioting since the 19th.

SPEER'S SAMBUCI WINE.—We publish to-day an advertisement of this noted and excellent American Wine—samples of which can be tasted at all our Druggists. We believe it to be superior, in every respect, and in all desirable qualities—medical not excepted—to pure and genuine imported port, worth ten dollars a gallon. Try it, if you are an invalid requiring a healthy and harmless stimulant, and shun the miserable humbug wines with which the country is flooded, and not one gallon in a thousand of which contains a drop of the juice of the grape.—*Watkins Republican.*

Druggests keep this wine. Ask for Speer's Wine.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

TUESDAY, September 6, 1864.

[Corrected weekly by J. McArthur, J. Hodge & Co., C. H Mulliken & Co., and J. G. Adams.]

Flour,	$11 00 to 15 50	Clear Salt Pork,	22 00 to 25 00
Corn Meal,	1 80 to 2 00	Mutton,	12 to 16
Rye Meal,	2 25 to 2 50	Turkeys,	23 to 25
Wheat,	none	Chickens,	22 to 25
Rye,	none	Geese,	20 to 22
Corn,	1 80 to 1 85	Clover seed,	nominal
Barley,	none.	Herdsgrass,	nominal
Beans.	2 25 to 3 00	Red Top,	nominal
Oats,	95 to 1 00	Hay,	18 00 to 22 00
Potatoes,	1 25 to 1 50	Lime,	1 35 to 1 40
Dried Apples.	none	Fleece Wool,	85 to 95
Winter "	1 00 to 1 25	Pulled Wool,	80 to 90
Butter	35 to 45	Sheep Skins,	1 00 to 2 00
Cheese,	18 to 22	Hides,	10 to 11
Eggs,	23 to 25	Calf Skins,	25 to 30
Lard,	22 to 25	Lamb Skins,	1 00 to 2 00
Veal	7 to 10	Wood, hard,	$8 50 10 25
Round Hog,	$14 00 to 16 00	Wood, soft,	$3 00 to $5 00

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE.

WEDNESDAY, August 31, 1864.

At Market 1015 cattle, 1339 Beeves, and 245 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for beef.

PRICES.

Beeves—First qual. 12 00 @ 13 00; Per 100 lbs. on the total Second do. 10 00 @ 11 50; weight of hide, tallow, Third do. 8 00 @ 9 50 } and dress'd beef.

Extra $13 50 @ $14 00; premium, $14,00.

Working Oxen—Sales $50, $103, $209.

Milch Cows—$52 @ $59; extra, $70 @ 80; ordinary, $23 @ 50.

Veal Calves—$4 @ $15 per head.

*Sheep*6 @ 9 ₱ lb on hve weight, sheared; lambs $4.00 @ $5 25 each.

Hides—12 @ 13c. *Calf Skins*—23c to 25c ₱ lb, or 2,00 @ 2,75. *Tallow*—14@14½c.

Pelts, sheep—75c @ $1,25; Lambs' $1 50 @ $2,00.

Stores—Yearlings, 11 @ 12½ ₱ lb; rough, 12 @ 14c.

Fat hogs 12½ live weight.

Ninety head of cattle, and three hundred sheep and lambs are reported from Maine during the week.

There is more good cattle at market this week than there was last, and prices remain unchanged. The Western trains did not arrive until afternoon yesterday, but trade commenced as soon as the Cattle were yarded, and before night all the Western Cattle were sold. Newton and Wales sold 33 Cattle to Saunders and Hartwell that were very extra, estimated to weigh 1750 lbs. each at 10½ ₱ lb, which was the best lot in the market.

EASTERN CATTLE. John Fall sold a lot of Eastern to Stone & Brooks for $11 ₱ cwt., dress about 900. Working oxen sold for about $175 ₱ pair, girth 6 feet 8 in., and $125 for one pair rather ordinary, girth 6 feet. Dyer paid 8c for two car loads that averaged about 900 lbs.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. 6050 at Market. Prices—in lots, $2 50, $2 75 $3 25, $4. Extra and selections, $4 50, $5 00@ $6 00. Spring lambs, $2 50 to $6.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, Sept. 3. 1864.

APPLES. Green ₱ bbl (new crop) $3.00 @ 4 50, Sliced, ₱ lb 13@ 14

BUTTER. Country ₱ lb 42@45, Choice Table 47@50, Store 30@35.

BEANS. Marrow ₱ bush $3 00@3 20, Pea $3 20@3 45, Blue Pod $2 75@3 00.

CHEESE. Vermont ₱ lb new 22@24c; New York 22@21.

GRAIN. Rye $2,00@2 10, oats 1,00@$1,05, South yellow corn, 1,75, corn mixed 1 75 @ 1 85, barley nominal, shorts, per ton $41@$43; fine feed $43@47.

HAY. Hay ₱ net ton, pressed $ 3 @ $24.

HIDES & SKINS. Western, 17@20, Slaughter Hides, 9@10, Calf Skins, 25@28, Sheep Pelts, by lot, 1,50@2 50.

PRODUCE. Beef ₱ quarter ₱ lb. 10@14c; Eggs, 25@26; Potatoes ₱ bbl., 3 50 @4 00; Onions, 2 @2½; Lamb, 14@16; Turkey, 22@25; Geese, none; Veal, 12@14.

WOOL. Fleece 1 00@1 05, Pulled 90@1 00. Pelts 1 50@2 50

—Price Current.

BOSTON MARKET...Sept. 3.

Flour—The market is firm and steady and the sales have been at $10,50 @ $11.00 for Western superfine; $11,37½ @ $11,50 for common extras; $ 11,75 @ $12,25 for medium do.; and $12,50 @ $15.00 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, $1,72; Yellow, 1,80.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 95 @ 1,03c ₱ bushel.

RYE—2,07 @ 2,11 ₱ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $28@30.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool 95 @ 120 ₱ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Aug. 29.

Flour—State and Western 30@55c lower—State 9 55 @ 10 50; Ohio 10 50 @ 13 25; Western 9,50 @ 11 00 Southern lower—sales at 10 10 @ 14 00. Canada 10 30@12 00.

Wheat—2 @ 5c lower; Milwaukie club 2 21@2 35; amber Milwaukie 2 20 @ 2 30; red winter Western 2 40 @2 40.

Corn—Mixed Western 1,60 @ 1 61.

Oats—Canada 91 @ 92.

Special Notices.

AYER'S AGUE CURE.

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the Malaria of miasmatic countries.

Fever and Ague is not the only consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, in malarious districts, among which are *Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis*, and *Derangement of the Stomach*, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the *intermittent type*, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and thus cures them all alike. It is not only the most effectual remedy ever discovered for this class of complaints, but it is the cheapest, and moreover is perfectly safe. No harm can arise from its use, and the patient, when cured, is left as healthy as if he had never had the disease. Can this be said of any other cure for Chills and Fever? It is true of this, and its importance to those afflicted with the complaint cannot be over estimated. So sure is to cure the Fever and Ague, that it may be truthfully said to be a certain remedy. One dealer complains that it is not a good medicine to sell, because one bottle cures a whole neighborhood.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by CHAS. F. POTTER, Augusta, Me.

SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY

W. F. PHILLIPS, Portland; S. A. HOWES & CO., Belfast W. L. ALDEN & CO., Bangor, Me. 2m39

☞ **A Down Town Merchant** having passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to the child, as she was strongly in favor of Homœopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the father found the baby still worse; and while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence he administered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change, and although at first offended at the deception practiced upon her, has continued to use the Syrup, and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the Syrup has never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. 35 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. 1m38

☞ **The first effect** of a bilious climate upon the human system is to produce torpor and inactivity of the Liver, thereby preventing the natural discharge of bile. All know the lurking nature of the *poison* that produces Fever and Ague, and its kindred diseases. A sallow complexion, capricious appetite and occasional pain in the side, are often the only symptoms to warn off impending danger. The operation of OSGOOD'S INDIA CHOLAGOGUE is to counteract this miasmal influence, by producing activity of the biliary organs, and a healthy natural discharge of bile from the system.

Sold by all druggists and medicine dealers. 1w39

COLGATE'S HONEY SOAP.

This celebrated **Toilet Soap,** in such universal demand, is made from the **choicest** materials, is **mild** and **emollient** in its nature, **fragrantly scented,** and extremely **beneficial** in its action upon the skin. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. 1y7

A CARD TO INVALIDS.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a Missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been already cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, *Free of Charge.* Address

JOSEPH T. INMAN,
STATION D, BIBLE HOUSE,
New York City.

1y33

NOTICE.

KENNEBEC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—The Semi-Annual Meeting will be held at the Show Building on MONDAY, Sept. 5th, at 1 o'clock P. M. A full attendance is requested. DAVID CARGILL, Sec'y.

East Winthrop, Aug. 13, 1864.

A CARD.

I take pleasure in returning the thanks of the Palermo and Branch Mills Society to the "Maine Farmer," to Messrs Rice, Baker, Preston and Ward, and Misses Smiley and Ward, of China Village, for valuable services rendered; and also to some members of the Society who were assisting in their efforts to make the Levee a success, which it proved to be.

J. C. GREELY, Manager.

Palermo Center, Sept. 5, 1864. 39

Married.

In Weld, August 7, Wm S. Skolfield, to Mary A. Swett.
In Belfast, Benjamin Haynes, to Eunice P. Curtis, both of Searsport.
In Prospect, Nathaniel L Littlefield to Esther J. Waldon, of Frankfort.
In Frankfort, Fred'rick F. Campbell to Mrs. Clara M. Low.
In Rockland, John R. Rogers to Mary A. Bridges; George L Benner of San Francisco, Cal., to Miranda A. Gilman.
In St. George, Robert Thompson to Rovina Baily.
In Ellsworth, Edwin A Taylor, of Boston, to Celia E. Murch.
In Trenton, Almon Tripp to Jerusha Woodworth, of Franklin.

Died.

In Augusta, John W, son of Josiah and Hannah Dana, aged 17 years, 2 months.

At the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, Corp Geo. W. Andrews, of Augusta, Co. G, 19th Maine, aged 27 years 5 months. August 10, Emma Alice, only child of Albert and Priscilla Bolton, aged 1 year, 7 months 12 days.

At Knight's Hospital, New Haven, August 25, private Alonzo F. McKinney, of Scarboro', a member of 159th Co. Veteran Reserve Corps, transferred from Co. H 17th Maine, aged 26 years.

In South Windsor, August 23, Capt. David Clary, aged 74 years, 7 months.

In Whitefield, August 30, Capt John Lynn, aged 83 years.

In Hospital at Hilton Head, S. C., July 12th, Frank H. Tilton of Mt. Vernon a member of the 4th Mass. Cavalry, aged 16 years and 5 mos

In Norridgewock, Mrs. Phœbe Taylor, widow of the late Jas. Taylor, aged 74; also a son of Rev. S. Sean, aged 5 years.

In Fryeburg, Aug. 27th, Sarah A., wife of Thos. S. Pike, and daughter of Thos. S. Holt, aged 29 years 11 mos.

In industry, July 17th, Rodnson, aged 14 years 20 days; the same day, Daniel, aged 7 years 3 mos.; Aug 7th, Laura Ann, aged 21 years 28 days, all of diptheria; Aug. 20th, of consumption, Oramanah, aged 11 years 8 months, all children of Albert and Betsey Shaw.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

MESSRS. WORTHINGTON & WARNER, so favorably known throughout the State of Maine as instructors in Commercial branches, have established in Concord, N. H., the most thorough and extensive Commercial Institution in New England, where young men and ladies may receive a thorough business education.

For Circular and Specimens of Penmanship, address

WORTHINGTON & WARNER, PRINCIPALS.

NOTE. To any one who will send me a list containing the names and address of upwards of fifty young men likely to be interested in a commercial education, we will remit free of charge a large and elegant photograph of our great masterpieces of penmanship

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

To any one sending us a list of over twenty-five names we will send a photograph of the same design, suitable for an album. 3w39*

CIDER MILL SCREW.

PRICE $12.80.

We are making the CHEAPEST and BEST CIDER MILL SCREW IN THE WORLD. Whole length, 4 feet. Length of thread, 3½ feet Weight, including Nut, 125 lbs. Also PUMPS for farmers' use. Address S. F. P. & F. E. CO.,
J. A. RUMSEY, Treas.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

1w39*

CAST IRON APPLE GRINDERS.

These Grinders have been used four years and are found to be the best article that has ever been used to grind apples, grinding very fast, (60 to 70 bushels per hour) and mashing the apples fine, so that the juice can be easily pressed out. stones or other hard substances do not injure them. They have given perfect satisfaction in all cases, and are warranted in every particular.

Also Wrought Iron Screws, 3 feet long, 2½ inches in diameter. Send for a Circular. BARSTOW & PALMER.
Norwich, Conn.

Sold by F. HATHAWAY, Augusta, Me., KENDALL & WHITNEY, Portland, Me. 4w39

THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

A Collection of National and Patriotic Songs, Duets, Trios and Quartetts,

COMPRISING

RALLYING SONGS,
CAMP SONGS,
CAVALRY SONGS,
MARCHING SONGS,
BATTLE SONGS,
HOME SONGS, &c.

Being, as a whole, the

Best Collection of War Songs Published

For Soldiers and their Friends at Home.

The Publishers issue

AN IMMENSE EDITION TO MEET A DEMAND

Unprecedented in the Sale of Any Similar Work.

PRICE 40 CENTS, on receipt of which it will be mailed, post-paid, to any address. Just Published by

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.

39

WANTED.

An Agent in every town to sell a Steel Plate Portrait of President Lincoln. The Portrait from which this Engraving was taken was painted expressly for the Union League of Philadelphia at the White House, and is considered by the President and his family as the best likeness ever taken. It has been Engraved on Steel by John Sartain, Esq., of Phila elphia.

From Solicitor Wm Whiting, Washington, D. C.

"The Engraver has had the rare genius and the rarer good fortune to preserve the spirit and the ideality of the original. I would that this counterfeit presentment of our noble Chief magistrate could adorn the fireside of every loyal citizen of the Union."

I also wish Agents for the best Steel Plate Portraits published of Grant, Sherman, and McClellan.

For full particulars apply to or address,

W. J. HOLLAND, 7 Barnes' Block,
Springfield, Mass.

2w39

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

The subscriber will sell at Public Auction (unless previously disposed of at private sale) on SATURDAY, the 15th day of October, at one o'clock P. M., on the premises, the homestead of the late Deacon Allen Bachelder, situated in the north part of Fayette, containing about one hundred and twenty-five acres. Said farm cuts from ten to twelve tons of hay; has upon it a house and barn, and a valuable timber lot, consisting of the various kinds of hard wood, hemlock, and from four to five hundred pine trees, from one to four feet through. If sold at Auction it will be sold in two or more lots and then the whole to suit purchasers. Terms cash. Any one wishing to purchase a good timber lot would do well to examine this. For particulars enquire of the executor, near the premises.

S. N. WATSON, Executor.

North Fayette, Aug. 30, 1864. 3w39

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1864.

GEORGE S FAIRBANKS, Administrator on the Estate of Joseph Fairbanks, late of Readfield, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, to all persons interested, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September instant, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 39*

15TH MAINE VET. VOLUNTEERS---ATTENTION.

HEADQUARTERS 15TH VET VOLS., }
Augusta, Me., Sept. 1, 1864. }

General Orders No 7.

In accordance with orders from the War Department, the Veteran Furlough of the Fifteenth Maine Veteran Volunteers is extended to the 17th day of September, 1864," at which time the members of the Regiment will report at Augusta, Maine

By order of Colonel ISAAC DYER, Commanding Regiment.

(Signed) HENRY A. SHOREY,
1w39 1st Lieut and Acting Adjt. 15th Me. Vet. Vols.

AUCTION.

There will be an Auction at the Store formerly occupied by RUFUS HILL, Belgrade, commencing on TUESDAY, September 13, at 9 o'clock, A M., and will continue until the balance of Goods now in Store are disposed of.

The stock consists of MOLASSES, SOAPS, TOBACCO, SPICES, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

WM H. GOODWIN, }
RUFUS R STUART. } Adm'rs.

Belgrade, Sept. 5, 1864 1w39

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Situated near the center of the town of Whitefield, on the East side of the Sheepscot river, two miles from King's Mills, and about the same distance from Turner's Corner. Said farm contains about 70 acres of good land, a very fine wood-lot, a cottage house and L well furnished and in good repair, a good barn, work-shop, carriage house, and other out-buildings.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises. GEORGE WHEELER.

Whitefield, Sept. 2, 1864. 3w39

PRINCE ALBERT PIGS FOR SALE.

Full blood and half blood from original imported stock. The subscriber can forward Pigs of the above breed to any part of the country, in pairs from different litters, or single, as may be ordered, for breeding and improving other breeds of swine.

All letters of inquiry for information concerning them will be answered with dispatch L. G. HURLBURT.

Gardiner, Me., Sept 5, 1864. 4w39

STRAYED HORSE.

Came into the enclosure of the subscriber on TUESDAY, the 18th day of July, 1864, a dark brown mare, about 12 years old; black mane and tail, with white hairs mixed around its head; one white spot under its left ear The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away. TIMOTHY H. POOLER.

Palmyra, Aug 3, 1864. 3w39*

STOLEN

From the enclosure of the subscriber, August 26th, a dark red MARE, seven years old; black mane and tail thick and long; black legs up to knees; no white spot except a small star in her forhead. Said mare is thick and carries her head low. Any one giving information concerning her will be suitably rewarded. ROBERT E. HOWES,
Liberty Maine.

3w39*

WANTED!

TWENTY-FIVE BUSHELS OF BLACK CHERRIES, for which CASH and the highest prices will be paid by the subscriber, two doors south of Kennebec Bridge. ERI WILLS.

Augusta, Sept. 3, 1864. 3w39*

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Associaton of Oak Grove Seminary will be held at their School-room on Seventh day the 10th instant, at 9 o'clock A. M. ELI JONES, Clerk.

Vassalboro', 9th mo., 2d, 1864. 1w39

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

On and after this date a Co-partnership is formed between the subscribers under the style and firm of C. F. POTTER & CO.

C. F. POTTER,
C. K. PARTRIDGE.

Augusta, Sept. 1, 1864. 38

C. F. POTTER & CO.,

APOTHECARIES,

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHEMICALS,

Corner Water Street and Market Square,

AUGUSTA, MAINE. 38

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC---

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

FRANZ KIELBLOCK

Of Boston, respectfully informs the citizens of Augusta that he will remain in this city during a few months, for the purpose of giving instruction in Singing and on the Piano.

Further inquiries in regard to terms, &c., may be made of STANWOOD & PATTERSON, Water St., Augusta. 34tf

WE HAVE IN STORE

And for sale at the lowest cash prices at wholesale, by

C. H. MULLIKEN & CO.,

Cuba Molasses, Hdds and Tierces, Muscavado ditto, Hdds and Tierces, Gold Medal Saleratus, Gold Medal Soap, Babbitt's Saleratus, Castile Soap, Mould Candles, Box Raisins, Nutmegs, Indigo, Cassia, Pepper, Tobacco, Tea—various grades, Mustard, Cloves, Cream Tartar, &c., &c. Tallow constantly on hand

May 24, 1864. 21

WORCESTER'S WORLD RENOWNED DAY HOP YEAST.

For sale by EBEN FULLER.

Augusta, Jan. 7, 1863. 5

BUTTER WANTED!

CASH and the highest price paid for Butter by

39tf JOHN McARTHUR.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

STATE OF MAINE.

CITY OF AUGUSTA, }
City Clerk's Office, Aug. 25, 1864. }

THE inhabitants of said city, qualified to vote for State and County Officers, according to law, are hereby notified to assemble at their several Ward Rooms on the second Monday of September next, being the twelfth day of said month, at nine o'clock A. M., then and there, to give in their votes for the following officers, viz: For a Governor of the State, for three Senators for the Seventh Senatorial District

Poetry.

THE HEART OF THE WAR.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Peace in the clover-scented air,
And stars within the dome;
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain New England home.
Within, a murmur of low tones
And sighs from hearts oppressed,
Merging in prayer, at last, thus brings
The balm of silent rest.

I've closed a hard day's work, Marty,
The evening chores are done;
And you are weary with the house,
And with the little one.
But he is sleeping sweetly now,
With all our pretty brood;
So come and sit upon my knee,
And it will do me good.

O, Marty! I must tell you all
The trouble in my heart,
And you must do the best you can
To take and bear your part.
You have seen the shadow on my face,
You have felt it day and night;
For it has filled our little home,
And banished all its light.

I did not mean it should be so,
And yet I might have known
That hearts that live as close as ours
Can never keep their own.
But we are fallen on evil times,
And, do whate'er I may,
My heart grows sad about the war,
And sadder every day.

I think about it when I work,
And when I try to rest,
And never more than when your head
Is pillowed on my breast;
For then I see the camp-fires blaze,
And sleeping men around,
Who turn their faces toward their homes,
And dream upon the ground.

I think about the dear, brave boys,
My mates in other years,
Who pine for home and those they love,
Till I am choked with tears.
With shouts and tears they marched away
On glory's shining track,
But, ah! how long, how long they stay!
How few of them come back!

One sleeps beside the Tennessee,
And one beside the James,
And one fought on a gallant ship
And perished in its flames.
And some struck down by foul disease,
Are breathing out their life;
And others, maimed by cruel wounds,
Have left the deadly strife.

Ah, Marty! Marty! only think
Of all the boys have done
And suffered in this weary war!
Brave heroes, every one!
O! often, often in the night,
I hear their voices call;
"Come on and help us. *Is it right*
That we should bear it all?"

And when I kneel and try to pray,
My thoughts are never free,
But clings to those who toil and fight
And die for you and me.
And when I pray for victory,
It seems almost a sin
To fold my hands and ask for what
I will not help to win.

O! do not cling to me and cry,
For it will break my heart;
I'm sure you'd rather have me die
Than not to bear my part.
You think that some should stay at home
To care for those away;
But still I'm helpless to decide
If I should go or stay.

For Marty, all the soldiers love,
And all are loved again;
And I am loved, and love, perhaps,
No more than other men.
I cannot tell—I do not know—
Which way my duty lies,
Or where the Lord would have me build
My fire of sacrifice.

I feel—I know—I am not mean
And though I seem to boast,
I'm sure that I would give my life
To those who need it most.
Perhaps the spirit will reveal
That which is fair and right,
So, Marty, let us humbly kneel
And pray to heaven for light.

Peace in the clover scented air,
And stars within the dome;
And underneath, in dim repose,
A plain, New England home.
With a widow in her weeds,
From whom all joy is flown,
Who kneels among her sleeping babes,
And weeps and prays alone!

Our Story-Teller.

NEVER DESPAIR.

The magistracy or hall of judicature in which
. Beasley usually held the scales of justice,
s a large and formal room, with a few pon-
ous straight-back chairs ranged along the
e of the apartment. A writing-table, with a
r of serious-looking volumes upon it, a few
kets of papers tied with red tape, together
h a profusion of letters strewn over its sur-
e, comprised almost everything worthy of com-
nt in this temple of justice.
Mr. Beasley was aroused from his state of
ntal abstraction by his servant announcing
t a poor woman, who had called twice before,
hed to see him, to obtain some relief. Mr.
sley gave orders to have her shown up.
The individual who presently enters the apart-
nt was a pale emaciated female of five or
and-twenty, but who, to judge by her hollow
l anxious countenance, would have well passed
forty. A thin calico dress hung wet and
ging to her ancles; her shoes by long servi-
e, worn bare, were fastened by tapes across
instep, and as she crossed the room left the
d marks of her feet upon the broads, and the
er oozed at every motion from the saturated
her. Round her neck was pinned a scanty
ngular shawl that barely hid her bosom, and
y partially protected it from the invading
m. An old bonnet so large that it almost hid
shrunken features, completed the meagre hab-
ments of this once neat and comely woman.
After some questioning, in reply to which the
r woman explained that her husband was ly-
at home starving, and that the object of her
plication was to obtain more immediate relief
n possible by the necessary slow legal pro-
s, she obtained from Mr. Beasley a trifle of
ney, and an order for a barrel of flour.
Pulling the mockery of a shawl closer over her
om, she hurried quickly down the avenue
t led from the magistrate's house, and had
reached the gates that opened on the village
eet, when a carriage driven with speed, rapid-
turned the angle; and before the driver, who
ot his head down to shield his face from the
et, could see the coming figure, or arrest his
rse, the poor woman was dashed to the ground
the pole of the vehicle, and thrown several
rds from the wheel into a pool of water that
d collected at the park entrance. The carriage
s instantly stopped, and a gentleman alighting,
stened forward, and raising the female from the
ound, expressed in the kindest manner, his re-
et and pain at the misfortune.
"I am not very much hurt, thank you, sir,
ly very much fatigued," she said faintly, as
e gentleman led her to the steps of the car-
ge.
"Poor creature, she is wet through!" ex-
imed a soft sympathizing voice from the
ach. "Tell me where you live, my good wo-
n, and we will drive you home."
"Oh no, thank you, madam! It is not very
r, and I think I can walk now. Don't let me
ep you in the rain, madam! Thank you, I am
tter now."
"Poor creature!" I am sure she is hurt. Send
a surgeon, now, Charles, and let her be taken
e of till I can visit her myself. To be out on
ch a day as this, and so thinly dressed? I am
re you are hurt!"
"Oh, dear, no, madame! I don't think the
rse touched me at all; and I must go home to
y poor husband. Thank you madam."
"Then come to my house to-morrow at twelve;
wish particually to see you—Mr. Chesterfield's,
the Elms. But are you sure you can walk?"
"Oh yes, thank you madam, quite well."
"Do not forget Mrs. Chesterfield's wish to-mor-
w," added the gentleman, kindly, as he took
t his purse; and after a moment's hesitation,
if fearing to hurt the poor woman's feeling, he
turned it unobserved to his pocket; and repeat-
g his lady's injunctions, stepped into the car-
ge, and was rapidly driven away in the direc-
on of the magistrate's hall.
Pressing her hand tightly on her side, and
awing her breath with short inspirations, for
e was much hurt, though from delicate motives
leging the contrary, the poor woman slowly
oceeded down the straggling street, and ulti-
ately reached her miserable abode at the out-
irts of the village.
On a stump bedstead, in the nearest corner
the huge chimney and long extinguished fires,
y the attenuated form of a sick man, whose
runken features and large lustrous eyes bespoke
o plainly the ravages of disease and want. An
d coat drawn over his shoulders shielded his
dy from the keen wind that howled down the
imney, and found a hundred mouths through
e broken plaster and rifted door whirling the
nd upon the bricked floor in sweeping eddies
und the room.
Before him on the drugget of the bed, rested
old tray, a small chisel, knife and file, a few
ips of wood, and the carved figure of a king
armor, cut from a little block of the white
n. With his long skinny fingers he had just
the finished workmanship upon the tray, as
wife entered; and he turned his gratified gaze
m his completed task, with mournful inquiry
and affectionate solicitude, upon his drenched and not less miserable wife.

"You are wet and cold, Mary, and there is no fire to warm you," said the husband mournfully, as with a deep sigh he glanced at the few white ashes strewn over the broad hearth, as his wife divested herself of her shawl and bonnet.

"I wish you had not gone, though God knows we have kept off the Parish till the last.—Would they do nothing? Well, it is not for myself that I care—for my stay here is getting very short—but for you—"

"The Lord be good to us!" exclaimed his wife with sudden grief. "If I haven't lost the money the Squire gave me and the order for the flour. But I'll go back directly and look for it. I know I must have dropped them when I fell;" and wiping away the tears that gathered in her eyes, she began to fix the wet bonnet. "O don't give way, I know we shall do better yet."

"Better yet!" replied the husband with a bitter smile, that imparted a deeper ghastliness to his wasted features. "Yes, in Heaven," he added solemnly, "the poor man's only comfort. Take off your wet things, love; you shall not go out again to-day. Take them off, Mary!" he continued with gentle authority, as she shook out the little shawl, before throwing it over her neck. "Not again to-day. There's bread enough for one meal more—sit down and make a fire and dry yourself. Young Knowles has given us a faggot—God bless him for it! up there in the corner."

"How did it happen? But never mind, Mary; see, dear, I have finished them at last. Though God knows they are no use to us, for nobody will buy them; but I am sure the wish I had to finish them, and your confidence, has kept me alive all the year. How do you like it now? That is the Christian King," and with sad voice, and momentary gleam of pleasure in his hollow eye, the mechanic placed the last of a set of chessmen that he had designed and executed, in her thin hand—making the two armies consist of a Christian and Saracen host, each piece being a perfect figure armed in respective costume, and executed with the utmost truth and delicacy.

A turner and wood carver by trade, Robert Western had long contemplated completing a set of chessmen that should supersede the uninteresting figures in general use, and give a martial air to a purely military game. But while in health and constant employment, he had never found an opportunity of doing more than selecting choice pieces of wood, and making drawings of the several men; for Western possessed a natural genius for the pencil, and could depict the human form in all its attitudes, with ease and grace. But the failure of his master in the country town, and the loss of all Western's savings, threw him at once into poverty and distress; and after in vain seeking work around the country, he at length settled in the village of Brookfield, where, for a while, he continued to earn a scanty subsistence, by working at the coarser branches of his trade. But at length this failed, and distress, long threatened, at last settled on his frame, and shut him out from all exertion. It was then, supported on his bed of sickness, that he beguiled the weary hours of pain and privation, in the performance of his cherished object.

"Oh, how very beautiful it is, Robert," exclaimed his wife, with real delight, contemplating the mail-clad king, and brushing a tear from her eyelashes. "It is more beautiful than all the rest. Shall I wrap it up, and put it by, Robert?"

"When you have lit the fire and dried your gown, you shall put them all out on the table, and let me look at them once more. It is very foolish, but I have grown so fond of them, and I should like to see them altogether for the last time, for I know that I shall never look at them again. Don't cry, Mary, dear, don't cry, or you will stain it with your tears. Light the fire, love, and warm yourself. Oh, God help us."

"He will, he will, Robert, if you will not despair," ejaculated his affectionate wife, and she carefully set down the carved figure, and wiping her eyes addressed herself to chop the wood and light the fire, from the fuel so opportunely and charitably given them by a neighbor almost as poor and comfortless as themselves. Having completed her task and given a cheerful aspect to the dreary chamber by the ruddy flame from the ignited wood, she spread her wet garments before the blaze to dry, and seated in a corner of the chimney, recounted to her husband the result of her errand to the Justice, and narrated, as briefly as possible, the accident that had deprived her of the proceeds of her journey, for she had no doubt she had lost the paper and money when she fell, and ended by telling him of the wish expressed by Mrs. Chesterfield to see her in the morning.—"And so, Robert," she went on, "I will take the chessmen and show them to her. Perhaps she may buy them, though God knows I would almost as soon sell myself, if it was not for the hope of getting you something nice to eat, and some medicine for your cough. And if I take the men, it won't look as if I went for charity, Robert."

"Do as you like, Mary, though I have no hope of your success. We have been so often disappointed."

"Oh, don't give way, Robert; I am sure better days will come. No, no, don't shake your head and look so sorrowful—better for you, I mean, and you will be well again. Now, now, don't despair so," and with a confidence she scarcely felt, she strove to instil a healthier tone into her husband's less sanguine heart.

"There must be something very holy in your confidence, dear Mary, for it has had the power to keep me for many months; for without your trustful spirit, I should have given way long ago. God bless you for it; but I feel now that to hope longer is but an idle delusion. My only wish now is, that when I am dead, you may be able to sell the men in some large towns, and get enough ——"

"Don't talk of dying, Robert, or you will break my heart. If I don't sell them to do you good I will never part with them. Oh, do not give up yet, hope a little longer; do, do, for my sake, and—but where is he, where's the child—is he asleep?" she inquired suddenly, rising from her seat and going to the bed.

Western slowly turned down the drugget as she approached, and exposed a beautiful but pale faced boy of two or three years old, nestled close by his father's side and sleeping soundly.

"He cried at first when you went out, and asked for dinner," said the husband mournfully, as the mother knelt down and kissed the lips of the sleeping child; but I had not strength to get out and reach the bread, poor child; so I told him some little stories to divert his mind, and said he should see all the men, to-night, and then his little eye grew heavy, and he laid his head upon my lap and fell asleep, talking of the soldiers. Oh, what a blessed thing is sleep to the hungry poor, for, by it, they can cheat the craving stomach of a meal or two. See, dear, he is awake."

* * * * * * *

True to her appointment on the following morning, the mechanic's wife with the prized chessmen carefully folded in separate papers, and enveloped in a white napkin, repaired to the mansion of Mr. Chesterfield, and was instantly introduced to the benevolent mistress. Mrs. Chesterfield, with the tact women only know, gleaned from the poor wife the concise history of their long privations, who touched with innocent pride on her husband's skill, ended by displaying before the amazed eyes of the lady the proofs of it she had brought.

Mrs. Chesterfield was no mean judge of art, and she gazed with admiration and surprise on the costume, execution and faultless symmetry of figures enhanced by the ivory whiteness and beautiful texture of the wood in which they were wrought, and calling her husband, participated in his lavish delight and encomiums, while the poor woman, unable to suppress her joy that her husband's merit was at last appreciated, sobbed aloud from excess of pleasure.

"These are, indeed, superior specimens of art," observed Mr. Chesterfield, after a rigid scrutiny of every piece. "What does your husband require for them?"

"Oh sir," replied Mary speaking through her tears, "I have carried them to so many places, but no one would offer me anything for them, that my husband said he would sell them for a shilling apiece, if you wouldn't think it too dear, and there is the board he made long ago."

"A shilling apiece! Impossible, my poor woman; you must be dreaming!"

"Well, then, sir, what you please; for my husband is very ill, and I want to buy him some medicine," she replied, almost choking from revulsion of feeling.

"You mistake me, my good creature; I mean to say they are to ovaluable to be sold without consideration, and for fear I should not be just to you I will consult some friends as to what I should give—for I mean to purchase them. For the present here are ten sovereigns; whatever price is put to them by my friends, I will pay you again. A man of your husband's genius must not be left in obscurity and want. I will send a physcian to attend to him, and now go home and come back on Monday for what I shall then be in your debt. Your husband shall not be neglected, depend upon it."

Unable to speak her thanks, but grasping the gold in her hand with a nervous tenacity, the bewildered woman was led out of the room by the hand of the sympathizing Mrs. Chesterfield, and when she found herself again in the road, it was with the addition of a well filled basket of wine and provisions. Casting her dimmed eyes to heaven, and muttering a prayer of thankfulness, poor Mary turned in the direction of home, and ran with the speed of a chamois till the battered door and broken casement of her abode stood before her. The luxury of that moment, as she doled out her treasure before the hectic husband, was worth a life's privation to enjoy. The sick man, unable to express the sense of struggling happiness, bent his head meekly on his chest, and groaned from the fullness of the soul; while his wife, folded her arms round his neck, pressed his face to her bosom, and between hysteric tears and laughter, whispered,—"I told you not to despair. I knew that better days would come, and that you would live to see and bless them."

Under the skillful hand of the physician, Western was soon restored to comparative health, and aided by the patronage of Mr. Chesterfield, was in a few months removed to London, and a situation obtained for him as designer in one of the first houses in town, where he still may be found, directing the energies of a large establishment, respected, prosperous and happy, and daily thankful to his wife for that faith in the bounty of Eternal Providence, that under heaven, had through all the petulance of disease and crush of poverty, kept a living principle of hope within his heart. Nor does his now restored and comely wife forget in thankful prayer, her gratitude to God, for the courage that opposed so long her husband's gloom, and gave her power to prove the confidence that buoyed herself—never to despair.

Miscellaneous.

ABOUT ARMY SIGNALS.

A correspondent writes from Sherman's army to the Cincinnati *Commercial* the following interesting description of the duties of signal officers and their manner of working:

"This most interesting and useful arm of the military service is, perhaps, less heard of by the public than any other, and its invaluable labor, as well as its frequent imminent perils, are alike unrecorded, and therefore unappreciated. The signal officer who would bring late and full news to the commanding general must undergo not a little fatigue and hardship. He must climb high trees to watch the enemy; he must penetrate through tangled thicket and forests, in search of eligible stations; he must climb the sides of steep and rugged mountains, and his bright and showy flag never fails to attract the rebel sharpshooter's fire when he is in reach, or observe the enemy.

When once a station is established, his flag must never droop by day nor his torch grow dim by night, till he has orders from his chief to abandon the post for a new one. And yet so great is the mystery with which he must enshroud his art, so profoundly secret must he keep the weighty messages and orders confined to him, and so silent are its operations, that the world and even the army, knows little about him. He alone is proof against the wiles of those 'universal, walking interrogation points,' the correspondents, though he above all others is the man whom they delight to be permited to 'use.' But he has his reward for all this. In the clear upper air where he dwells, he sees, as with a hawk's eye, the whole great drama played out beneath him; he sees the long lines of men developed through the valleys, and knows where they go, and why; his eyes feast upon the field of battle, where the column of attack rushes impetuously down a wooded slope, across an open field, and up into another piece of woods, and all is clear to him and intelligible, while to others, who must grovel on the ground, there is nothing but an exasperating muddle.

Signal stations are of two kinds; reflecting stations, and stations of observation; the former for transmitting dispatches, the latter for watching the enemy and communicating the results to the commander. Both are constructed on the same principles and employ the same instruments. The latter are few and simple. The flag is made of different colors, to contrast with the line of the background, white, black or red. The one usually employed is but four feet square; for the largest distance it is made six feet square, and mounted on a third joint of staff to give it wider range. The marine glass is used for scanning the horizon rapidly, and making general observations; the telescope for reading signals at a great distance, and observing fixed points minutely. Beside these there is a certain mysterious pasteboard disk, stamped with a circle of figures and a sliding interior one of letters corresponding to each. This is the key, and to the uninitated is of course impenetrable.

When a message is about to be sent, the flagman takes his station upon some elevated object, and 'calls' the station with which he desires to communicate by waving the flag or torch slowly to and fro. The operator seated at the glass watches closely the distant flag, and as soon as it responds by dipping, he is ready to send his dispatch. Holding the written message before him; he calls out to the flagman certain numbers, each figure or combination of figures standing for a letter. The flagman indicates each separate figure by an ingenious combination of a few very simple motions. For instance, one stroke of the flag from a perpendicular to a right horizontal indicates one figure; a stroke to the left horizontal indicates another; a stroke executing a half circle another, &c. After each motion indicating a figure, the flag returns always to a perpendicular. There are a few syllables which are indicated by a single stroke of the flag; otherwise the word must be spelled out by letter. Experienced signal officers, however, use many abbreviations by omitting vowels, &c., so that scarcely a single word, except a very unusual one, is spelled out in full.

When a message is being received the operator sits at the glass with the flagman near to record it. This the operator then interprets, for not even the General himself is in the secret, and by supplying the omitting vowels, &c., makes out an intelligible piece of the King's English.

The rapidity with which all this is executed by experienced operators is astonishing. The flag is kept in such rapid motion that the eye of the inexpert can scarcely follow, and his wonder is increased by being told that the reader, of whom he cannot see the slightest indication with his naked eye, is ten or twelve miles away. An ordinary message of a few lines is dispatched in ten minutes; a whole page of foolscap occupies thirty minutes in transmission. Officers who have long worked together and are intimately acquainted with each other's abbreviations and peculiar expressions, can improve upon even this speed.

The distance also through which signals can be transmitted, without an intermediate station, is surprising. Last spring Captain Leonard, chief signal officer of the Fourth Corps, sent dispatches regularly from Ringgold to Summerville, on Lookout Mountain, a distance of eighteen miles. Lieut. Wm. Reynolds, formerly of the Tenth Corps, signalled from the deck of a gunboat twenty miles into Port Royal harbor. N. Daniels was sent by the Secretary of War to Maryland Hights to give information of the enemy's movements, and he succeeded in sending messages rapidly over the extraordinary distance of twenty-four miles—from the Hights to Sugar Loaf Mountain—four miles from Frederick. But these instances require remarkably favorable conditions of the atmosphere, locality, &c. Ordinarily messages are not sent a greater distance than six or eight miles.

Last night a dispatch was received from General Seofield's department to Lost Mountain, a distance of six miles and returned to Gen. Hooker's quarters, directly over which it had passed going out, and a message returned to Gen. Scofield in twenty minutes after the time the inquiry left him. Gen. Hooker is one mile from Gen. Scofield, and directly between him and the mountain, but an intervening forest prevents direct communication.

You need not hesitate to publish the above for fear of giving aid or comfort to the rebels. Not even the flagmen themselves have the slightest knowledge of the import of the message they are sending, not a general in the army is let into the secret, unless he comes humbly as a student, nor can the signal officers themselves read the message sent to them unless they have first had the countersign or key given out daily."

A HAPPY WORLD.

This is a happy world—who says to the contrary is a fool or something else. There is everything to make us happy. The land, the sea and sky contribute to our enjoyment. The man who has a good heart sees pleasure where a bad person beholds nothing but gloom. The secret then of being happy and enjoying this glorious world is to possess a virtuous heart. Who is the most contented and cheerful man in your neighborhood? The man who has the most honor and possesses the greatest riches? No. It is he who has nothing but a kind heart. For nothing ruffles his temper or disturbs his repose. The morning sky, the evening cloud, the rolling waters, the blooming landscape, the teeming forest and the fields of snow, give him pleasure that others never dream of. It is he whose mind is led from Nature up to Nature's God—and every day that he lives he is contented and happy as it is possible for a man to be. Depend upon it, the world is a beautiful one, and contains a thousand sources of enjoyment, which they only can see and feel, whose hearts are pure and whose lives correspond with the word of eternal truth.

THE PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT IN NORWAY.

The farther north you go in voyaging along the Norwegian coast during the months of June and July the brighter and longer becomes the daylight, until at last you arrive at the region of perpetual day. The exquisite charm of this novel state of things is utterly beyond the compreh nsion of those who have not experienced it. Apart altogether from the gladdening influences of sunshine, there is something delightfully reckless in the feeling that there is no necessity whatever for taking note of the flight of time—no fear lest we should, while wandering together, or perchance alone, among the mountains, be overtaken by night. During several weeks we lived in the blaze of a long nightless day.

I do not use hyperbolical language whon speaking of the perpetual daylight. During several weeks, after we had crossed the arctic circle, the sun descended little more than its own diameter below the horizon each night, so that it had scarcely set when it rose again, and the diminution of light was quite insignificant; it did not approach in the slightest degree to twilight. If I had been suddenly awakened during any of the twenty-four hours, in the cabin of the yacht, or in any place from which it was impossible to observe the position of the sun, I could not have told whether it was day or night! Having said that, it is almost superfluous to add that we could even in the cabin, read the smallest print at midnight as easily as at noonday. Moveover, a clear midnight was absolutely brighter than a cloudy forenoon.

Nevertheless, there was a distinct difference between night and day; a difference with which light had nothing to do. I am inclined to think that the incalculable myriads of minute and invisible creatures with which God has filled the solitude of this world, even more largely than its inhabited parts, exercise a much more powerful influence on our senses than we suppose. During the day time these teeming millions, bustling about in the activities of their tiny spheres, create an actual though unrecognizable noise. I do not refer to gnats and flies so much as to those atomic insects whose little persons are never seen, and whose individual voices are never heard, but whose collective hum is a fact that is best proved by the silence that follows its cessation. In the evening these all retire to rest, and night is marked by a deep impressive stillness, which we are apt erroneously to suppose is altogether the result of that noisy gaint man having betaken himself to his lair. Yet this difference between night and day was only noticeable when we were alone or very quiet; the preponderating noises resulting from conversation or walking were more than enongh to dispel the sweet influence.

We were very often very far wrong in our ideas of time. Once or twice, on landing and going into a hamlet on the coast, we have been much surprised to find the deepest silence reigning everywhere and on peeping in at a window, to observe the inhabitants all abed, while the sun was blazing high in the heavens. Sometimes, too, on returning from a shooting or fishing expedition, I have seen a bush or tree full of small birds, each standing on one leg, with its head thrust under its wing and puffed up to nearly twice its usual size, and having thus been reminded that the hours for rest had returned. Of course a little observation and reflection would at any time have cleared up our minds as to whether day or night was on the wing—nevertheless, I state the simple truth when I say that we were often perplexed, and sometimes ludicrously deceived, by the conversion of night into day.—*Yacht Voyage to Norway.*

A FASHIONABLE PARLOR.

How many people do we call on from day to day, and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family ideas and ways, than if they lived in Kamschatka! And why? Because the room which they call the front parlor is made expressly that you shall never know. They sit in the back room,—work, talk, read, perhaps. After a servant has let you in, and opened the crack of the shutters, and while you are waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From some distant region the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird reaches you, and then a door claps hastily to.

Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crotchet? Do they ever romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities a mute and muffled room says nothing. A sofa and six chairs, two ottomans fresh from the upholsterer's, a Brussels carpet, a centre table with four gilt books of beauty upon it, a mantle clock from Paris, and two bronze vases,—all these tell you in frigid tones, "This is the best room,"—only that and nothing more,—and soon she trips in in her best clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day—and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year. One hour in the little back room, where the plants and canary bird and children are, might have made you fast friends for life; but as it is, you care no more for them than for the gift clock on the mantel.—*Mrs H. B. Stowe.*

ORIGINAL ADVICE.

Dear Girls:—Keep cool. A blessed futur await yu anny how. Take lessons in the pianna at onst; piannas are getting skase. Bi awl means larn to pla the nu song that has jist cum out, "When John Brown is over we are father Abra- I am cumming with this kruel war several strong." This stanza tuk the fust premium at the stat fair. Don't be afrade tew git married, yure ma want afrade. Larn how tew knit pudding bags tu put yure haire in. Be varturous and preety. Eat slait pensils; tha wil maik yu spri at figgers. Eat kolone water; that wil maik a good smel. Let yure pettykoats drag on the sidewalks, and if anny man steps on them and tares oph the rim, slap his chops at onst. If yu have got a smal feet, keep 'em hid—smal feet has gone out ov fashun. Study travels; Tom Moores and Byrons and Gullivers, the wandering Jew's and Vallandingham's, awl fust rate. If you kan spare the time be luvly and sweet. Remember one thing, thar ain't nothing in this life worth living for, but a rich husband; if yu don't believe me, ask yure ma. If yu hav got red hair yu had better exchange it for blak; blak hair tha tell me is going tu be worn muchly next year. Don't have enny thing teu du with the boys, unless tha mean bissiness. If yu don't know how tew skate, yu mite as well jine sum travelling nunnery at onst, for yure played out.—*Josh Billings.*

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessaries of life and support his family knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begin to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who sigh for the pomp and splendour of life, beware! Ye know not what you wish. Persons who are always busy and go cheerfully to their daily tasks are the least disturbed by fluctuations of busness, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom ever contented. They are petulant, fearful, irascible. Bid them good morning and they scowl. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them. They are entirely out of their views. While in this state the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitutions.—*Anon.*

GONE UP.

Bill S—is a good accountant, but like all men, will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that "8 times 8 are 88." The debtor was not slow in discovering the mistake and demanded an explanation. Bill examined the account and saw that he was "down," but did not like to admit it; so, putting on a bold face, he said—"That's all right." "How so?" was the inquiry. "It's all owing to the inflation of the currency," said Bill, "the multiplication table, like everything else, has gone up!

☞ Politeness is shown by passing over the faults and foibles of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is severe in its judgment of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from any one, unless there exists some urgent necessity for so doing.

☞ "I once," said a friend, "saw a regiment of Tennessee negroes on a dress parade, and when they came to the 'right dress,' with the whites of their eyes all turned, "it looked just like a *chalk mark.*"

THE ONLY WRINGER WITH THE

PATENT COG-WHEEL REGULATOR

WHICH PREVENTS

The upper roll from ever being clogged, and relieves the entire strain from both the cloths and lower roll, and therefore saves the Clothes at least twenty per cent more than any other Wringer, and is more than five times as durable as any other Wringer.

IT IS A PERFECT WRINGER

—AND—

Most Excellent Washer Combined!

☞ It contains the improvements of all other kinds, and has advantages which others do not possess.

It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair, in London, 1862.

It took the First Premium at the Great Fair of the American Institute in New York City, 1863, where the Judges were practical mechanics, and appreciated cog-wheels.

It took the First Premium at the

NEW YORK STATE FAIR	- -	1862. 1863.
VERMONT STATE FAIR	- - - -	1863.
PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR	- - -	1863.
MICHIGAN STATE FAIR	- - - -	1863.
IOWA STATE FAIR	- - - - -	1863.

And at County Fairs without number.

PRICES:

No. 1, $14—No. 1½, $12—No. 2, $10.

READ THESE!

SPRINGFIELD, May 20, 1864.

Dear Sir—The Universal Cog-Wheel Clothes Wringer has been used in the Cooley House six days in the week for over a year, without any repairs, and is still good. Before I tried your Wringer, I tried several other patterns without cogs, and none wore over three months and some only three weeks.

I. M. COOLEY, Proprietor.

After a constant use of the Universal Clothes Wringer for more than four years in my family, I am authorized by "the powers that be" to give it the most unqualified praise, and to pronounce it an indispensable part of the machinery of housekeeping.

Our servants have always been willing to use it and have always liked it. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, January 25, 1864.

CAN ALSO REFER TO

ORANGE JUDD, Esq., Ed. American Agriculturist, N. Y.
RUSSELL P. EATON, Esq., Ed. N. E. Farmer, Boston.
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SOLON ROBINSON, Esq., Ag'l Ed. N. Y. Tribune, N. Y.,

All of whom are using our Machines.

☞ We have abundance of testimony to establish the fact that we make the best Wringers in the world

On the receipt of the above prices from planters where no Agent is selling, we will send the Wringer "FREE OF EXPENSE." What we especially want is

A GOOD CANVASSER IN EVERY TOWN.

Any good man can make larger wages than any other employment will afford as the demand is great and the sales rapid. We offer strong inducements, and give the exclusive right in the town. Address

GEORGE H. HOOD, Agent,
76 Water Street, Boston.

☞ Send for a descriptive catalogue.

N. B. My Travelling Agent is visiting every town in Maine to appoint canvassing agents.

Persons wishing to act as Agents can secure an interview with him by addressing a letter to **JOHN A. ALLEN, Ag't for Universal Clothes Wringer,** and request the Post Master to give it to him when he calls.

Also send duplicate to Boston and the party will be notified how soon Mr. Allen will probably call on them. 6w36

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Lizzie C. Vivian, of Augusta, in said County, minor, respectfully represents, that said minor is seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:—All the interest of said ward in the homestead farm of the late Charles Page, of Belgrade, deceased. That an advantageous offer of three hundred dollars has been made for the same, which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be placed at interest for the benefit of said ward. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer.

W. H. VIVIAN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1864.

On the petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 33*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Zadee Ireland, of Vienna, in said County, insane, respectfully represents, that the comfortable and convenient support of said ward will be greatly promoted by the purchase of a dwelling house, and that an advantageous offer has been made by Calvin D. Sewall, of Chesterville, Franklin County, to sell to said ward a parcel of real estate, situate in North Chesterville, consisting of about one and a half acres of land, with said dwelling house thereon, for the sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars; which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to purchase for said ward the above described real estate from the person making said offer.

WM. F. LOWELL.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1864.

On the petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. Baker, *Judge.*

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August,* 1864.

The publishers of the Maine Farmer, Kennebec Journal, Gospel Banner, Hallowell Gazette, Western Mail and Gardiner Home Journal having presented their petition for an increase of the rates of advertising probate notices:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in each of said newspapers, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 38

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August,* 1864.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of George Cunningham, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

Ordered, That notice be given to all persons interested by publishing this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of Sept'r next, and show cause, if any, they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*At a Court of Probate held at Augusta on the fourth Monday of August,* 1864.

FRANCIS FULLER, Administrator on the Estate of Samuel W. Shaw, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta in said County, on the fourth Monday of September next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August,* 1864.

CALVIN HOPKINS, Guardian of Howard M., Elva E., Ann E., and George F. Atkins, of Mount Vernon, in said County, minors, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said Wards for allowance:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing this order three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August,* 1864.

FRANCIS E. WEBB, Executor of the last will and testament of Louisa V. Fairbanks, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. Burton, *Register.* 38*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August,* 1864.

The Commissioners appointed to assign to Sally Page, widow of Charles Page, late of Belgrade, in said County, deceased, her dower in the real estate of said deceased, and also to make partition of the real estate of said deceased, having made return of their doings:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear